

FEB 24 1950

THE MONTH

FEBRUARY 1950

A DECADE IN RETROSPECT—I

DENIS JOHNSTON

THE PAINS OF ANIMALS

C. E. M. JOAD & C. S. LEWIS

SEPTEMBER, 1949

THOMAS MERTON

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
A DECADE IN RETROSPECT—I	<i>Denis Johnston</i> 86
THE PAINS OF ANIMALS	
AN ENQUIRY	<i>C. E. M. Joad</i> 95
A REPLY	<i>C. S. Lewis</i> 99
TO A CHRISTIAN PRIEST	<i>Noel Scott</i> 105
SEPTEMBER, 1949	<i>Thomas Merton</i> 107
THE IMAGE AND THE WORD—I	<i>Christopher Devlin</i> 114
TRISTRAM HILLIER	<i>Silvia Baker</i> 128
GRAMOPHONE NOTES	<i>Edmund Rubbra</i> 132
REVIEWS	
PATRONAGE AND PLUNDER	<i>Francis Watson</i> 135
ART AND DOUBT	<i>Martin Turnell</i> 138
“RELIGIO” MEDICI	<i>M. C. D’Arcy</i> 138
THE CAUSAL ARGUMENT	<i>Frederick C. Copleston</i> 139
A NEO-THOMIST	<i>J. Bolland</i> 141
STRANGE APPROACHES	<i>T. Corbishley</i> 144
GIBBON REVERSED	<i>Hugh Kearney</i> 145
THE PROBLEM OF CONSCIENCE	<i>Maurice Bévenot</i> 148
POLITICS AND LAWYERS	<i>John Courtney Murray</i> 150
THE EMPIRE OF THE OTTOS	<i>R. R. Betts</i> 153
ERASMUS, TYNDALE AND MORE	<i>Elizabeth Frances Rogers</i> 154
TUDOR PARLIAMENT	<i>Milton Waldman</i> 157

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MS

News about Books

We are glad to say that the reprint of THE HEIR (6s.), Victoria Sackville-West's little "love story," is now available, after most regrettably being absent from circulation just before Christmas, when it was much in demand. L. A. G. Strong describes it as "a masterly piece of narrative," and adds that "every gift is here that went to the making of *The Edwardians*." It has been talked about also on the wireless, which doubtless helped its popularity, and it has, in short, deservedly scored a small success. Another reprint just ready is THE COMPLETE ORGANIST (7s. 6d.), by Harvey Grace. As the only book available on its subject, as we believe, it has enjoyed a steady sale since it was first published some years ago. The late Dr. Harvey Grace was formerly the editor of *The Musical Times*, and for seven years held the post of organist at Chichester Cathedral.

HERE is an illustrated history of English furniture from the fifteenth century to the present day, TIME, TASTE AND FURNITURE (15s.), written by an expert on the subject, Mr. John Gloag. It is full of information, covering also such relevant matters as the quality and variety of furniture-woods, and ways of detecting the faked antique. There are sixty-four plates, illustrating old and new furniture and period rooms, and in addition one hundred and seventy-three line drawings. The book is written in non-technical language, and is not merely an historical study: it shows how furniture design has reflected the character and life of every period, from Tudor times to our own.

WE shall be curious to read what the critics have to say to a novel we hope to publish next month, THE LEADEN CUPID, by Basil Creighton. Its sub-title, "The Egoist Revisited," should be sufficient to indicate that it will be of special interest to Meredithians.

This news-letter is issued by The Richards Press Ltd. and The Unicorn Press, whose address is No. 8 Charles II Street, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1, WHI 4239.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

IF THE PAST TEN YEARS have to be characterized briefly they might be called "A Decade of Disinheritance." Throughout what once used to be called without irony "the civilized world" these years have spread an empire of perplexed and anxious instability which must be preparing the way for a less ambiguous condition of one kind or another.

With the intention of recording the judgments of representative men and women whose writings show that they are peculiarly conscious of this unrest, *The Month*, beginning with this issue, will present a new series entitled *A Decade in Retrospect, 1939-1949*. Contributors have been invited to compare the expectations and standards they remember applying to people, ideas and life in general in 1939 with those that have now, ten years later, replaced them.

Each contributor is freely expressing his own personal outlook which is not necessarily endorsed by *The Month*.

The first contribution will be by Denis Johnston, the Irish dramatist and essayist, whose plays include *The Moon in the Yellow River*, *A Bride for the Unicorn* and *Storm Song*, and who during the war was Near Eastern correspondent for the B.B.C. Later contributors will include Jacquetta Hawkes, F. A. Voigt, Roy Campbell, Alan Pryce-Jones and others who will be announced later. The last article of the series will be followed by an appraisal of the impressions recorded by the contributors.

We should be grateful if readers interested in the series would send us names of their friends who they feel would like to have their attention called to the articles and to this review.

A DECADE IN RETROSPECT: 1939-1949

1

DENIS JOHNSTON

WHAT a temptation this title holds out for War Bores! I recollect with deep depression my immediate elders of the first upheaval, with their anecdotes of Ypres and Plugstreet, their song about Armentières, and that joke about somebody going to a "better 'ole" that I never found particularly amusing. Yet in the light of comparison they did have a certain gaiety about their homes and conversation that is lacking today. They had Bonzo and Cupie Dolls, and were still happily unconscious of the monstrous iranity of the Good Life as depicted from week to week in the pages of the *Tatler*. Harrison Fisher girls cut from the covers of *Nash's Magazine* may not have the zip of Vargas, but they were better dressed, and there was always some possibility of meeting one. And, of course, they had only four years to bore each other with, while we are burdened with an expanding decade—a decade that is well foreshadowed in the words of First Corinthians: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

We can see now that, in comparison with our own generation of returned travellers, our predecessors lived in an age of comparative innocence. For all their experiences in Salonika and St. Pol they had not really tasted of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and could still apply a set of pre-existing values to what they had been through. They did not have to bolster up their spirits by turning military disasters, that ought never to have happened at all, into matters for self-congratulation, or to fool themselves for long with the idea that the first step towards

world reconstruction was to hang the Kaiser. The word SNAFU was unknown to them.

After the first war I seem to remember a good deal of optimism about the future of the world. Life was noisy and maybe a little wild, but underneath it all there was a widespread belief that something had been accomplished and that on the whole a wiser and a better era was on the way. The great continental Empires had all disappeared, and in due course the League of Nations would clean up any small outstanding problems of world politics. As my mentors used to say: Once the plain people of the world get into the saddle there will be no more wars.

We know now that the advent of the plain people tends to have precisely the opposite effect, and that the Kaisers and the Czars, whatever their faults, at least had the virtue of some sophistication in their violence. There are many other things besides this that we have learnt—so many things, in fact, that the principal difficulty that besets our minds today is a surfeit of data. If the business of life is to enrich our experience, we might be deemed fortunate were it not for the fact that the human mind can cope only with a limited amount of new material, and with the mixture as rich as it is, the engine is inclined to backfire.

We were sitting one evening in Broadcasting House talking over some of these matters. It was during that half-forgotten period known as the Phoney War, when nothing much was happening in spite of the fact that it was widely stated that no previous conflict had ever been entered into with more clearly defined issues or with a purer heart. Nothing whatever had been done about the rape of Prague, but now at last we were at war in order to save a German city for the Poles, and military operations to date had consisted in a bomb dropped on Holland and a small fracas with the Belgians over something that I have now forgotten. A number of pamphlets had also been emptied out over the territories of our enemy—pamphlets that made an appeal of such apparent inanity that nobody at home was allowed to know what was in them. Meanwhile the Poles were being swiftly wiped out, and the last frantic messages of Warsaw Radio had been left unanswered by the Post Office Receiving Station because of the fact that the relevant official had gone to bed. This seemed to be completely in line with our general attitude.

It was, in short, a position of confusing merits, and it is hardly surprising that one of our favourite topics of conversation during the long night hours was the question as to what it actually was all about. I remember well that one of the most striking theories propounded was that it would turn out in due course to be a war between the two leading neutrals of those days—America and Russia—which was being fought by the Germans, paid for by the British, and with the playing field provided by the French. It seemed quite a good joke at the time, but the horrifying fact remains that it has become much less funny as the years slip by, until now it is a matter that one hardly likes to mention at all.

Until tempers got hot under the attention of the Luftwaffe, it is fair enough to say that a large proportion of us viewed the whole affair with considerable boredom. To use the language of the times, we took a dim view—an expression of great precision, as it turned out. There was really no need for the cinema screens to exhort us to *KEEP CALM—BE BRITISH*, because the calm was already deathlike.

I suppose that it was the world of Baldwin and of Ramsay MacDonald, with its clichés and its wholesale destruction of the meaning of words, that had induced such a cynicism—a cynicism that made one rather glad to see it falling apart. Herein lay the principal objection to any war aims that amounted in practice to a return to the 'thirties, and it was this frame of mind rather than any overwhelming fear of the Nazis that enabled the Führer to get away with as much as he did without any interference from the West. We knew that he was lying when he said that all the woes of the world were due to the Jews, and it was equally probable that Vansittart was no more reliable when he said the same thing about the Germans. If Hitler could have managed to sit down behind his Siegfried Line and tell us quietly and often enough to go home and not to be silly, he would probably be there yet. But, of course, we can see now that this is not in the nature of fascism, which is of its essence self-destructive, and cannot sit down anywhere.

What we are inclined to overlook, when we try to compare our war with the war of our parents, is the fact that, while their war was probably much more unpleasant for the individual fighting man, they had little of this mental confusion—this kind

of spiritual nausea—that troubled our minds and which persists even more profoundly now that battle has presumably been won for over four years. We did not have to sit by the million in the Flanders mud, waiting until it was time to get mowed down in the next ill-considered mass offensive. We ran around in the desert, and flew through the air, and played cloak and dagger games in enemy territory. We saw the world as the world has never been seen before in any previous war, and it is absurd to pretend that masses of men and women did not thoroughly enjoy it. There was a gallantry and a schoolboy excitement about some of its campaigns that resulted in a professional regard for the soldier on the other side which was entirely mutual, and had the effect of infuriating people at home to a degree that was a continual source of surprise. And yet this initial discovery that war was not so entirely an evil and degrading thing as we had gathered from *All Quiet on the Western Front* was in itself a matter causing some confusion, since it was hard to associate the men of the Afrika Korps, whom we met in increasing numbers, with the enormities that were being constantly reported from the continent of Europe. It was the Italians—not the Germans—into whose hands it was important for us not to fall, and whatever one might have been told on hearsay about Himmler, we knew from personal experience that Rommel at any rate was a very good fellow.

It was only later on, when D Day had opened up a much grimmer state of affairs, that the really hard feelings started, and in the curious way of human reactions, these feelings grew in parallel with our own increasing roughness towards our enemies. It was as if Man felt a much deeper resentment for those whom he was about to slaughter than for those who had previously been much more likely to slaughter him.

One of the things that strike me now as very odd about official policy throughout the war was the assumption that the better the soldier knows and understands his enemy, the less inclined he will be to continue fighting him. Fraternization was one of the deadliest of sins, and although he was never forbidden to listen to enemy propaganda on the air, there was always a good deal of nervousness about this so far as the troops in the field were concerned. As an example of this, I got into a lot of trouble with the censors myself, in the early days of the song "Lili

"Marlene" by attempting to tell the story of its popularity with both armies.

"You are not here," I was told, "to encourage people to listen to the German wireless."

Yet from my own experience I can say that until I fully knew and understood my enemy, I was never really anxious to fight him at all. This, I think, was due to something inherent in our pre-war liberal upbringing. Compromise was so much a part of the British background—so readily did we assume that in all controversies "there is right on both sides"—that the normal procedure in reaching any decision was to add up the number of arguments on both sides and to divide by two. From this perniciously lazy habit—so common amongst our Judges—it is only a short step to a disbelief in any real existence of Good and Evil, and without a belief in that, it is impossible to have a fixed code of ethics. We are left in the dangerous position of assuming that what is Good is what pays off, and what is Evil is whatever fails to deliver the goods.

This universal error is not the property of any particular race or group. It is at the back of practically all modern political thought, democratic as well as totalitarian, and if the Totalitarians practise it more blatantly, this is only because they have much greater opportunities. It is almost axiomatic in both art and commerce in the United States, and if kept in check in Great Britain by the counterweight of a certain social snobbism, this is a waning influence and will not save us for much longer.

On a hill overlooking the Italian Sangro River I remember having an argument with an Eighth Army padre on this vexed question of the real existence of Good and Evil. We had been brooding on the spectacle of fifty thousand men trying to kill each other under circumstances that presented neither side with any alternative, and in reply to some doubts that I expressed as to the existence of any absolute in moral values, I was met with a flat contradiction. So I challenged him to tell me what Absolute Evil was, and his answer kept recurring to me with growing persistence during the course of the next two years, as the war progressed to its dismal conclusion, and further data accumulated to an alarming degree.

Evil, he argued, is a disease of the Spirit, manifesting itself in a maladjustment to life itself. It is much more sinister than any

mere personal desire for extinction, because it involves others as well. Hitler is the most obvious example of this maladjustment, because in his heart he not only hates the Jews, but hates Germany too. He will try to destroy Germany as well as himself, if he cannot succeed in his wider project of degrading the human race, which in some way has offended him personally.

The fact that Evil is a disease, he continued, can be seen from the further symptom that it is infectious. Like the celebrated vampire, Dracula, it has the terrifying quality of living on in those who struggle against it, even when they succeed in slaying it. And this is the most pressing danger in our present position—that having finally eliminated the monster, we will find much of that for which he stood, living on in ourselves.

These flights into high theology did not move me very deeply at the time, because I still felt that the answer to most of the problems that faced the world must be a political one. Besides, I knew that the Church had got a vested interest in preaching the existence of Evil, and could be relied on to produce a solution that would drag us back to whatever had caused the disaster, instead of forward towards some means of escape. The Church has had its chance for a good many centuries, and whatever is wrong with the world today is certainly not going to be put right by parsons. Indeed, I observed without very much surprise the spectacle of one pious shepherd whose contribution to the situation was to send rat poison to a prisoners-of-war camp in response to a request for books, while another wrote envenomed articles in the popular Press under such titles as "Will the Germans Never Learn?" If Christianity's answer was merely to advocate instruction for the Germans, it had clearly got a good deal to learn itself.

At the same time I did note with some uneasiness the steady growth in our own institutions of more and more of those elements about which we were supposed to be at war with Nazi Germany. Maybe there was something in this theory of an infectious disease after all. But I freely admit that it was my stumbling upon Buchenwald that brought me face to face with something that could not be denied any longer. Here in this concentration camp was a final piece of data that far transcended any question of conflicting ideologies. What it amounted to was a matter of being either for or against the human race. Within

that compound we found ourselves confronted with something that I, for one, had never come across before—the wilful dehumanization of the species as a matter of planned policy.

Much has been written about these places in a spirit of righteous self-justification. From the obvious glee with which they were fastened upon and photographed and publicized, it is only too clear that they were regarded as a heaven-sent gift by every man of ill-will who wanted a good reason for everything that had already been planned for Germany. And this, in my view, was one of the most horrifying things about them. But it cannot be denied that nearly everything that has been written about these neatly organized death-houses was literally true, and that the sentiment painted up over the gate of the place—RECHT ODER UNRECHT MEIN VATERLAND—presented a challenge to Man as a whole to which unconditional surrender was the only answer. However much we might have respected the Wehrmacht—whatever sneaking sympathy we might still have had for them in their spirited defence of their homes—in Buchenwald their Fatherland was unright, and being so, it was necessary to destroy it.

Worst of all, it made it quite clear that all our good-natured efforts to be fair to Germany—to give Hitler a chance to regain a place in the sun, and to do quite a number of things for his country that we ought to have done ourselves—were just so much nonsense. He had been using our thirst for international justice and fair play as a means of betraying us, and this was even a greater crime than the degradation of humanity, because it amounted to the degradation of Good itself. It meant that it was a mistake to have sought after justice—that Evil was our only means of self-preservation—that, like the vampire, Dracula, he had bitten us upon the throat, and thenceforth we must either die or be monsters too.

In the face of this discovery there could no longer be any doubt as to the existence of an Absolute in Good and Evil. No matter what bloody murder it entailed, it was necessary to break open the gates and fling down the walls, and if anybody tried to stop us—whether personally innocent or guilty—he must be swept aside. And if in the end nothing remained but the stench of Evil in ourselves, well, that could not be helped. Yet there is no doubt whatever that the vast majority of those who had to

be trampled on and killed in the finishing of this matter off, were precisely as innocent of any real part in Buchenwald as you and I have been of the monstrosities that we ought to know quite well have been perpetrated in Germany since 1945. If collective responsibility is to be applied to them, please God we are not so unfortunate as ever to have it applied to us.

Herein, I feel that we come up against one of the greatest and most tragic incomprehensibles of life itself—the fact that from time to time it presents us with a situation which forces us to destroy those who are equally right to resist—a trap to which religion as we know it today provides no explanation or answer. It is as if we had tasted of that tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil (from which our predecessors were largely spared) and had been driven out from Paradise into a realm where Evil is inevitable, and has to be shouldered whether we like it or not. And yet we never asked or sought for any such diet of fruit, and it makes me wonder whether our father, Adam, had it forced into his mouth in much the same way. Is it for a transgression such as this that we have to be redeemed and forgiven? Or is there something about life itself that we ourselves are called upon to forgive? Having discovered to our horror that our padre was right in his description of Absolute Evil, can we still spit out the fruit of that poisonous knowledge and return to a state of innocence that is rooted, not in ignorance, but in a supreme sophistication—a sophistication that knows, and yet cannot be killed by knowledge?

To this question, conventional religion does not give us any adequate answer. For which reason I suggest that if we are to survive as a species in a world where we have now the means of self-destruction, our most pressing need is for a re-examination of religion itself, and that this task is of considerably more urgency than any political discussions. It is not enough to argue the relative merits of Capitalism and Communism. Nor is it enough to bleat that if only everyone showed a little more understanding of other people's troubles, and went back to church on Sundays, all would be well again. The problem of Evil cannot be explained away by saying that we brought it on ourselves, or that the proper answer to the problems of this world is to get into the next. Evil is as much a part of Nature as the winter's wind, and just about as dangerous if we don't wear

an overcoat. What, therefore, we must discover is a religion that offers us an overcoat, instead of an irrelevant forgiveness for catching pneumonia.

This is the substance of my personal retrospect over the past decade, and I freely admit that it presents us with quite a task. What we have before us now is a clean re-statement of such of the facts of religion that matter, and the new affirmation of a belief that will give us once again a moral positiveness: a creed that may be violent (for life itself is violent) but is also compassionate; that will re-admit the supernatural in terms of modern knowledge; a religion that does not ask us to believe the unbelievable, and yet recognizes the incomprehensible as the one thing that man is quite certain he can understand; a faith that does not preach Peace (for the only real peace is death), but will reconcile the exhilarating fact of Conflict with the godlike grace of Pity—a yardstick of this life rather than of the next; that tells us that we are not strangers here; that teaches us neither to desire death before its time nor to object to it when it does come, and that inspires us neither to submit to Evil nor to punish it.

If this sounds contradictory so much the better, for it is a divine contradiction of the kind that the human race has always delighted in to its eternal credit, and if we read our Bibles with a fresh mind we will find that there is little that is new in the suggestion, although footnotes and chapter headings have somewhat obscured the fine, free phrases of more than one of the prophets. What is worse, the unsocial strictures of a certain tent-maker of Tarsus, whose message of love is actually the very reverse of what it is popularly supposed to be, have got the book a bad name that it far from deserves.

However, it will be found that the tentmaker was far from having the first say in the matter, and please goodness, he will not have the last say either. It is not the Prophets but the Law that has to be reconsidered, not the Gospels but the Epistles—not the Facts, but the Conclusions. Is anybody ready to start?

THE PAINS OF ANIMALS

AN ENQUIRY (C. E. M. JOAD)
AND A REPLY (C. S. LEWIS)

C. E. M. JOAD: For many years the problem of pain and evil seemed to me to offer an insuperable objection to Christianity. Either God could abolish them but did not, in which case, since He deliberately tolerated the presence in the universe of a state of affairs which was bad, I did not see how He could be good; or He wanted to abolish them but could not, in which case I did not see how He could be all-powerful. The dilemma is as old as Saint Augustine, and nobody pretends that there is an easy way of escape.

Moreover, all the attempts to explain pain away, or to mitigate its stark ferocity, or to present it as other than a very great evil, perhaps the greatest of evils, are palpable failures. They are testimonies to the kindness of men's hearts or perhaps to the queasiness of their consciences, rather than to the sharpness of their wits.

And yet, granting pain to be an evil, perhaps the greatest of evils, I have come to accept the Christian view of pain as not incompatible with the Christian concept of the Creator and of the world that He has made. That view I take to be briefly as follows: It was of no interest to God to create a species consisting of virtuous automata, for the "virtue" of automata who can do no other than they do, is a courtesy title only; it is analogous to the "virtue" of the stone that rolls downhill or of the water that freezes at 32°. To what end, it may be asked, should God create such creatures? That he might be praised by them? But automatic praise is a mere succession of noises. That he might love them? But they are essentially unlovable; you cannot love puppets. And so God gave man freewill that he might increase in virtue by his own efforts and become, as a free moral being, a worthy

object of God's love. Freedom entails freedom to go wrong: man did, in fact, go wrong, misusing God's gift and doing evil. Pain is a by-product of evil; and so pain came into the world as a result of man's misuse of God's gift of freewill.

So much I can understand; so much, indeed, I accept. It is plausible; it is rational; it hangs together.

But now I come to a difficulty, to which I see no solution; indeed, it is in the hope of learning of one that this article is written. This is the difficulty of animal pain, and, more particularly, of the pain of the animal world, before man appeared upon the cosmic scene. What account do theologians give of it? The most elaborate and careful account known to me is that of C. S. Lewis.

He begins by making a distinction between sentience and consciousness. When we have the sensations *a*, *b* and *c*, the fact that we have them and the fact that we know that we have them imply that there is something which stands sufficiently outside them to notice that they occur and that they succeed one another. This is consciousness, the consciousness to which the sensations happen. In other words, the experience of succession, the succession of sensations, demands a self or soul which is other than the sensations which it experiences. (Mr. Lewis invokes the helpful metaphor of the bed of a river along which the stream of sensations flows.) Consciousness, therefore, implies a continuing *ego* which recognizes the succession of sensations; sentience is their mere succession. Now animals have sentience but not consciousness. Mr. Lewis illustrates as follows:

This would mean that if you give such a creature two blows with a whip, there are, indeed, two pains; but there is no co-ordinating self which can recognise that "I have had two pains." Even in the single pain there is no self to say "I am in pain"—for if it could distinguish itself from the sensation—the bed from the stream—sufficiently to say "I am in pain," it would also be able to connect the two sensations as *its* experience.

(a) I take Mr. Lewis's point or, rather, I take it without perceiving its relevance. The question is how to account for the occurrence of pain (i) in a universe which is the creation of an all-good God; (ii) in creatures who are not morally sinful. To be told that the creatures are not really creatures, since they are

not conscious in the sense of consciousness defined, does not really help matters. If it be true, as Mr. Lewis says, that the right way to put the matter is not "This animal is feeling pain" but "Pain is taking place in this animal," pain is nevertheless taking place. Pain is felt even if there is no continuing *ego* to feel it and to relate it to past and to future pains. Now it is the fact that pain is felt, no matter who or what feels it, or whether any continuing consciousness feels it, in a universe planned by a good God that demands explanation.

(b) Secondly, the theory of sentience as mere succession of sensations presupposes that there is no continuing consciousness. No continuing consciousness presupposes no memory. Now it seems to me to be nonsense to say that animals do not remember. The dog who cringes at the sight of the whip by which he has been constantly beaten *behaves* as if he remembers, and behaviour is all that we have to go by. In general, we all act upon the assumption that the horse, the cat and the dog with which we are acquainted, remember very well, remember sometimes better than we do. Now I do not see how it is possible to explain the fact of memory without a continuing consciousness.

Mr. Lewis recognizes this and concedes that the higher animals—apes, elephants, dogs, cats, and so on—have a self which connects experiences, have, in fact, what he calls a soul. But this assumption presents us with a new set of difficulties.

(a) If animals have souls, what is to be done about their immortality? The question, it will be remembered, is elaborately debated in Heaven at the beginning of Anatole France's *Penguin Island* after the short-sighted St. Mael has baptized the penguins, but no satisfactory solution is offered.

(b) Mr. Lewis suggests that the higher domestic animals achieve immortality as members of a corporate society of which the head is man. It is, apparently, "The-goodman-and-the-goodwife-ruling-their-children-and-their-beasts-in-the-good-homestead" who survive. "If you ask," he writes, "concerning an animal thus raised as a member of the whole Body of the homestead, where its personal identity resides, I answer, 'Where its identity always did reside even in the earthly life—in its relation to the Body and, specially, to the master who is the head of that Body.' In other words, the man will know his dog: the dog will know its master and, in knowing him, will *be* itself."

Whether this is good theology, I do not know, but to our present enquiry it raises two difficulties.

(i) It does not cover the case of the higher animals who do not know man, for example apes and elephants, but who are yet considered by Mr. Lewis to have souls.

(ii) If one animal may attain good immortal selfhood in and through a good man, he may attain bad immortal selfhood in and through a bad man. One thinks of the over-nourished lapdogs of idle over-nourished women. It is a little hard that when, through no fault of their own, animals fall to selfish, self-indulgent or cruel masters, they should through eternity form part of selfish, self-indulgent or cruel super-personal wholes and perhaps be punished for their participation in them.

(c) If the animals have souls and, presumably, freedom, the same sort of explanation must be adopted for pain in animals as is offered for pain in men. Pain, in other words, is one of the evils consequent upon sin. The higher animals, then, are corrupt. The question arises, who corrupted them? There seem to be two possible answers: (1) The Devil; (2) Man.

(1) Mr. Lewis considers this answer. The animals, he says, may originally all have been herbivorous. They became carnivorous, that is to say, they began to prey upon, to tear, and to eat one another because "some mighty created power had already been at work for ill on the material universe, or the solar system, or, at least, the planet Earth, before ever man came on the scene. . . . If there is such a power, it may well have corrupted the animal creation before man appeared."

I have three comments to make:

(i) I find the supposition of Satan tempting monkeys frankly incredible. This, I am well aware, is not a logical objection. It is one's imagination—or is it perhaps one's common sense?—that revolts against it.

(ii) Although most animals fall victims to the redness of Nature's "tooth and claw," many do not. The sheep falls down the ravine, breaks its leg and starves; hundreds of thousands of migrating birds die every year of hunger; creatures are struck and not killed by lightning, and their seared bodies take long to die. Are these pains due to corruption?

(iii) The case of animals without souls cannot, on Mr. Lewis's own showing, be brought under the "moral corruption"

explanation. Yet consider just one instance of nature's arrangements. The wasps, ichneumonidae, sting their caterpillar prey in such a way as to paralyse its nerve centres. They then lay their eggs on the helpless caterpillar. When the grubs hatch from the eggs, they immediately proceed to feed upon the living but helpless flesh of their incubators, the paralysed but still sentient caterpillars.

It is hard to suppose that the caterpillar feels no pain when slowly consumed; harder still to ascribe the pain to moral corruption; hardest of all to conceive how such an arrangement could have been planned by an all-good and all-wise Creator.

(2) The hypothesis that the animals were corrupted by man does not account for animal pain during the hundreds of millions of years (probably about nine hundred million) when the earth contained living creatures, but did not contain man.

In sum, either animals have souls or they have no souls. If they have none, pain is felt for which there can be no moral responsibility, and for which no misuse of God's gift of moral freedom can be invoked as an excuse. If they have souls, we can give no plausible account (*a*) of their immortality—how draw the line between animals with souls and men with souls?—or (*b*) of their moral corruption, which would enable Christian apologists to place them in respect of their pain under the same heading of explanation as that which is proposed and which I am prepared to accept for man?

It may well be that there is an answer to this problem. I would be grateful to anyone who would tell me what it is.

C. S. LEWIS: Though there is always some pleasure, as well as danger, in encountering so sincere and economical a disputant as Dr. Joad, I do so (at the Editor's request) with no little reluctance. Dr. Joad writes not merely as a controversialist who demands, but as an enquirer who really desires, an answer. I come into the matter at all only because my answers have already failed to satisfy him. And it is embarrassing to me, and possibly depressing to him, that he should, in a manner, be sent back to the same shop which has once failed to supply the goods. If it were wholly a question of defending the original goods I think I would let it alone. But it is not exactly that. I think he has perhaps slightly misunderstood what I was offering for sale.

Dr. Joad is concerned with the ninth chapter of my *Problem of Pain*. And the first point I want to make is that no one would gather from his article how confessedly speculative that chapter was. This was acknowledged in my preface and repeatedly emphasized in the chapter itself. This, of course, can bring no ease to Dr. Joad's difficulties; unsatisfactory answers do not become satisfactory by being tentative. I mention the character of the chapter to underline the fact that it stands on a rather different level from those which preceded it. And that difference suggests the place which my "guess-work" about Beasts (so I called it at the time and call it still) had in my own thought, and which I would like this whole question to have in Dr. Joad's thought too.

The first eight chapters of my book attempted to meet the *prima facie* case against Theism based on Human Pain. They were the fruit of a slow change of mind not at all unlike that which Dr. Joad himself has undergone and to which, when it had been completed, he at once bore honourable and (I expect) costly witness. The process of his thought differed at many points (very likely for the better) from the process of mine. But we came out, more or less, at the same place. The position of which he says in his article "So much I understand; so much, indeed, I accept" is very close to that which I reached in the first eight chapters of my *Problem*.

So far, so good. Having "got over" the problem of human pain, Dr. Joad and I both find ourselves faced with the problem of animal pain. We do not at once part company even then. We both (if I read him correctly) turn with distaste from "the easy speeches that comfort cruel men," from theologians who do not seem to see that there is a real problem, who are content to say that animals are, after all, only animals. To us, pain without guilt or moral fruit, however low and contemptible the sufferer may be, is a very serious matter.

I now ask Dr. Joad to observe rather closely what I do at this point, for I doubt if it is exactly what he thinks. I do not advance a doctrine of animal sentience as proved and thence conclude "Therefore beasts are not sacrificed without recompense, and therefore God is just." If he will look carefully at my ninth chapter he will see that it can be divided into two very unequal parts; Part One consisting of the first paragraph, and Part Two of all the rest. They might be summarized as follows:

"*Part One.* The data which God has given us enable us in some degree to understand Human Pain. We lack such data about beasts. We know neither what they are nor why they are. All that we can say for certain is that if God is good (and I think we have grounds for saying that He is) then the appearance of divine cruelty in the animal world must be a false appearance. What the reality behind the false appearance may be we can only guess.

Part Two. And here are some of my own guesses."

Now it matters far more whether Dr. Joad agrees with Part One than whether he approves any of the speculations in Part Two. But I will first deal, so far as I can, with his critique of the speculations.

(1) Conceding (*positionis causa*) my distinction between sentience and consciousness, Dr. Joad thinks it irrelevant. "Pain is felt," he writes, "even if there is no continuing *ego* to feel it and to relate it to past and future pain," and "it is the fact that pain is felt, no matter who or what feels it . . . that demands explanation." I agree that in one sense it does not (for the present purpose) matter "who or what" feels it. That is, it does not matter how humble, or helpless, or small, or how removed from our spontaneous sympathies, the sufferer is. But it surely does matter how far the sufferer is capable of what we can recognize as misery, how far the genuinely pitiable is consistent with its mode of existence. It will hardly be denied that the more coherently conscious the subject is, the more pity and indignation its pains deserve. And this seems to me to imply that the less coherently conscious, the less they deserve. I still think it possible for there to be a pain so instantaneous (through the absence of all perception of succession) that its "unvalue," if I may coin the word, is indistinguishable from zero. A correspondent has instanced shooting pains in our own experience on those occasions when they are unaccompanied by fear. They may be intense: but they are gone as we recognize their intensity. In my own case I do not find anything in them which demands pity; they are, rather, comical. One tends to laugh. A series of such pains is, no doubt, terrible; but then the contention is that the series could not exist for sentience without consciousness.

(2) I do not think that behaviour "as if from memory" proves memory in the conscious sense. A non-human observer might suppose that if we blink our eyes at the approach of an

object we are "remembering" pains received on previous occasions. But no memories, in the full sense, are involved. (It is, of course, true that the behaviour of the organism is modified by past experiences, and we may thus by metonymy say that the nerves remember what the mind forgets: but that is not what Dr. Joad and I are talking of.) If we are to suppose memory in all cases where behaviour adapts itself to a probable recurrence of past events, shall we not have to assume in some insects an inherited memory of their parents' complex breeding habits? And are we prepared to believe this?

(3) Of course my suggested theory of the tame animals' resurrection "in" its human (and therefore, indirectly, divine) context, does not cover wild animals nor ill-treated tame ones. I had made the point myself, and added "it is intended only as an illustration . . . of the general principles to be observed in framing a theory of animal resurrection." I went on to make an alternative suggestion, observing, I hope, the same principles. My chief purpose at this stage was at once to liberate imagination and to confirm a due agnosticism about the meaning and destiny of brutes. I had begun by saying that if our previous assertion of divine goodness was sound, we might be sure that *in some way or other* "all would be well, and all manner of thing would be well." I wanted to reinforce this by indicating how little we knew and, therefore, how many things one might keep in mind as possibilities.

(4) If Dr. Joad thinks I pictured Satan "tempting monkeys" I am myself to blame for using the word "encouraged." I apologize for the ambiguity. In fact, I had not supposed that "temptation" (i.e. solicitation of the will) was the only mode in which the Devil could corrupt or impair. It is probably not the only mode in which he can impair even human beings; when Our Lord spoke of the deformed woman as one "bound by Satan," I presume He did not mean that she had been tempted into deformity. Moral corruption is not the only kind of corruption. But the word *corruption* was perhaps ill-chosen and invited misunderstanding. *Distortion* would have been safer.

(5) My correspondent writes "That even the severest injuries in most invertebrate animals are almost if not quite painless is the view of most biologists. Loeb collected much evidence to show that animals without cerebral hemispheres were indis-

tinguishable from plants in every psychological respect. The instance readily occurs of the caterpillars which serenely go on eating though their interiors are being devoured by the larvæ of some ichneumon fly. The Vivisection Act does not apply to invertebrates; which indicates the views of those who framed it."

(6) Though Dr. Joad does not raise the point, I cannot forbear adding some most interesting suggestions about animal fear from the same correspondent. He points out that human fear contains two elements: (a) The physical sensations, due to the secretions, etc.; (b) The mental images of what will happen if one loses hold, or if the bomb falls here, or if the train leaves the rails. Now (a), in itself, is so far from being an unmixed grief, that when we can get it without (b), or with unbelieved (b), or even with subdued (b), vast numbers of people like it: hence switchbacks, water-shoots, fast motoring, mountain climbing.

But all this is nothing to a reader who does not accept Part One in my ninth chapter. No man in his senses is going to start building up a theodicy with speculations about the minds of beasts as his foundation. Such speculations are in place only, as I said, to open the imagination to possibilities and to deepen and confirm our inevitable agnosticism about the reality, and only after the ways of God to Man have ceased to seem unjustifiable. We do not know the answer: these speculations were guesses at what it might possibly be. What really matters is the argument that there must be an answer: the argument that if, in our own lives, where alone (if at all) we know Him, we come to recognize the *pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova*, then, in other realms where we cannot know Him (*connaître*), though we may know (*savoir*) some few things about Him, then, despite appearances to the contrary, He cannot be a power of darkness. For there were appearances to the contrary in our own realm too; yet, for Dr. Joad as for me, they have somehow been got over.

I know that there are moments when the incessant continuity and desperate helplessness of what at least seems to be animal suffering makes every argument for Theism sound hollow, and when (in particular) the insect world appears to be Hell itself visibly in operation around us. Then the old indignation, the old pity arises. But how strangely ambivalent this experience is: I need not expound the ambivalence at much length, for I think I have done so elsewhere and I am sure that Dr. Joad has long

discerned it for himself. If I regard this pity and indignation simply as subjective experiences of my own with no validity beyond their strength at the moment (which next moment will change) I can hardly use them as standards whereby to arraign the creation. On the contrary, they become strong as arguments against God just in so far as I take them to be transcendent illuminations to which creation must conform or be condemned. They are arguments against God only if they are themselves the voice of God. The more Shelleyan, the more Promethean my revolt, the more surely it claims a divine sanction. That the mere contingent Joad or Lewis, born in an era of secure and liberal civilization and imbibing from it certain humanitarian sentiments, should happen to be offended by suffering—what is that to the purpose? How will one base an argument for or against God on such an historical accident as that? No. Not in so far as we feel these things, but in so far as we claim to be right in feeling them, in so far as we are sure that these standards have an empire *de jure* over all possible worlds, so far, and so far only do they become a ground for disbelief—and at the same moment, for belief. God within us steals back at the moment of our condemning the apparent God without. Thus in Tennyson's poem the man who had become convinced that the God of his inherited creed was evil exclaimed: "If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to nought." For if there is no "Great God" behind the curse, who curses? Only a puppet of the little apparent "God." His very curse is poisoned at the root: it is just the same sort of event as the very cruelties he is condemning, part of the meaningless tragedy.

From this I see only two exits: either that there is a Great God, and also a "God of this world," a prince of the powers of the air, whom the Great God does curse, and sometimes curse through us; or else that the operations of the Great God are not what they seem to me to be.

TO A CHRISTIAN PRIEST

By

NOEL SCOTT

MUST a mother shake to death
That a son should take your God on trust?
Does the wet and guinea wreath
Lying on the soil where she is lost
To me for ever symbolise the truth?
My hoop-la ring around the prize of faith?

This is true, sir, this write down,
This I take for fact, that she is dead,
A three-years agony of moan
Is done, the private blood of passion shed.
For what? Christ suffered to a throne,
Roman thorns blossomed to a crown

Inlaid with all the stars of time,
Or so you wish me to believe, and I
Am asking to believe. The shame
Of her long death, the pity in her cry
A thousand days repeated, "What my crime,
O God? What my sin that you should blame

Me thus?"—these must be explained.
I saw the sign within the shining wood,
The question: What, then, has she gained
From this release of pain? and, sir, I could
No longer doubt that something awful joined
Her there to Christ: Gethsemane remained.

O, sir, she never lost her love
For Him. I marvelled so to hear her pray
To one who seemed to stay aloof
And cruelly woke her to another day
'Gainst all her prayers. Here, I said, was proof
That "God" was euphemism for the grave.

New every morning is the pain,
I scoffed to make sense of that anguished face.
Behold, the sufferer again
Awakes to take her most familiar place.
Pray on, O kneeling bishop, it is your line
Of business, her need—soon it may be mine.

But now I cannot scoff: the sight
Of cold and folded hands and fastened eyes,
The long limbs in anonymous white,
The sudden end of life, the huge surprise
Of death, have crushed the scorn, lit up the night
And turned me Christ-wards. Whence this light?

I ask, and why? was that her role
Who gave me life, to die so long for me?
Do I demand so much? were all
Those shaking years a mother's penalty
For another's sin? I ask; you may appal
My reason with your answer. Speak now. Tell.

SEPTEMBER, 1949

By

THOMAS MERTON

September 1st.

This morning, under a cobalt-blue sky, summer having abruptly ended, I am beginning the Book of Job. It is not warm enough to sit for long in the shade of the cedars. The woods are crisply outlined in the sun and the clamour of distant crows is sharp in the air that no longer sizzles with locusts.

And Job moves me deeply. This year more than ever it has a special poignancy.

I now know that my own poems about the world's suffering have been inadequate—they have not solved anything, they have only camouflaged the problem. And it seems to me that the urge to write a real poem about suffering and sin is only another temptation, because, after all, I do not really understand.

September 3rd.

It is alarming to find out how much one's theology fits the theology of Job's friends! The form of the drama of Job demands that the reader identify himself with Job. Actually most of us are more like Eliphaz or Baldad. We are hardly much closer to God than they were. And, after all, at least one of them was a mystic. Eliphaz started out with a modest enough explanation of Job's suffering, based on mystical experience. I am startled to find that this is the interpretation I myself made of Job eight years ago. It is the explanation I gave to Bob Lax's sister, Gladio, and to Mary Davis, before I came to the monastery.

Numquid homo, Dei comparatione, justificabitur, aut factore suo purior erit vir? (iv. 17). And the same strain is taken up by Baldad in xxv. 4. Then, too, *Beatus homo qui corriptur a Deo* (v. 17)—that is written on the heart of every Trappist in the first months of his novitiate.

God's purifying says Eliphaz, who knows from experience, causes us anguish and suffering when we come in contact with Him. But it is for our good that He thus purifies us. We should be humble and patient. Which reminds me that Job is a proverbial model of patience when he was anything but patient: at least so his friends thought. But that is only one of the paradoxes of Job. His impatience is really a higher form of patience.

Actually, the problem, in interpreting Job, is not so much to find out who has the right answer to the problem of suffering. All their answers are more or less correct. But what Job himself demands, and justly, is the *Divine* answer not to the problem of suffering in general but to his own personal suffering. In the end, the answer that God gives to Job is simply a concrete statement of what Eliphaz had said in the abstract: "Shall man be compared to God?" Job wanted the answer and he got it. God Himself was his answer. In the presence of God, Job acknowledged his sufferings to be just and God reproved all the arguments of Job's friends, because they were all insufficient.

Thus the Book of Job does not solve the problem of suffering in the abstract. It shows us that one man, Job, received a concrete answer to the problem, and that answer was found in God Himself. If we are to have Job's answer, we must have Job's suffering and Job's vision of God. Otherwise, our arguments are only modifications of the arguments of Job's friends. I hasten to say that those arguments should be sufficient for most of us. But they were not sufficient for Job.

Then there is the fact that Job is a type of Christ. And what argument of men can convince Christ that He ought to be put to death for us? Jesus did not die to prove any argument of ours. His death was not measured by any human standard of justice. The Pharisees who reviled Him and told Him to come down from the Cross were Job's friends speaking now no longer as personages in a drama, but in their own name and in that of fallen man.

September 10th.

Once before I read the Book of Job and got the feeling that I was going to begin living it, as well as reading it. That has happened again.

September 13th.

I find consoling lines here and there in Dom Chapman's *Spiritual Letters*. For instance: *Humility in oneself is not attractive, though it is attractive in others.* I do not know if what is in me is humility. But it is certainly not attractive. Anguish and fear. Nobody likes to be afraid.

There are different kinds of fear. One of the most terrible is the sensation that you are likely to become, at any moment, the protagonist in a Graham Greene novel: the man who tries to be virtuous and who is, in a certain sense, holy, and yet who is overwhelmed by sin as if there were a kind of fatality about it.

One sentence of Job is always with me: "Even though He kill me, yet will I trust in Him." *Sufficit tibi, Paule, gratia mea.*

Two more sentences from Dom Chapman: *Pray as you can and do not try to pray as you can't. Take yourself as you find yourself: start from that.*

September 14th. Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

There has been a legal change of seasons, and the monastic fast has begun today. It is cool again, and the leaves of the sycamores are already beginning to turn yellow and brown. We brought down our mattresses and blankets from our dormitory cells and spread them out in the bright September sun. My mind is full of St. Francis on Mount Alverna.

A moment ago, someone was playing the harmonium in the novitiate. Our psalms sound very wistful and strange on a harmonium: plaintive, sentimental and thin, as if they were filled with an immense nostalgia for the heaven of the books of meditations. It reminded me of the night Father Alberic died, two years ago. I watched by the body in the middle of the night, and then went back to the dormitory and could not get to sleep, even when I stayed to catch up my two hours while the others went down to church for the Night Office. Finally they sang Matins and Lauds of the Dead for Father Alberic, and I could hear the garbled music coming into the dormitory through the back of the organ pipes—that great, big, dusty closet full of muffled chords!

The poignancy of that music was very affecting. It seemed to sum up all the sufferings of the long life that was now over. Poor little grey Father Alberic, writing the history of the Order

on scraps of paper up in the infirmary! All the relief, all the mystery, all the unexpected joy of his meeting with God could be guessed at in those strange harmonies. And so, this morning, the sound of this harmonium in the novitiate (it has begun to play again) chimes in with the last days of a two weeks' battle, and I feel a wistful and chastened sobriety filling my heart, as if I were one of the eight human survivors of the deluge, watching the world come back to view from the summit of Mount Ararat!

In the tempest, I have discovered once again, but this time with a peculiarly piercing sharpness, that I cannot have created things, I cannot touch them, I cannot get into them. They are not my end, I cannot find any rest in them. We who are supposed to be Christians know that well enough, abstractly. Or rather, we say we believe it. Actually we have to discover it over and over again. We have to experience this truth, with deeper and deeper intensity, as we go on in life. We renounce the pursuit of creatures as ends on certain sacramental occasions. And we return, bit by bit, to our familiarity with them, living as if we had in this world a lasting city. . . .

But creatures remain untouchable, inviolable. If God wants you to suffer a little, He allows you to learn just how inviolable they are. As soon as you try to possess their goodness for its own sake, all that is sweet in them becomes bitter to you; all that is beautiful, ugly. Everything you love sickens you. And at the same time your need to love something, somebody, increases a hundred times over. And God, Who is the only one who can be loved and possessed for His own sake alone, remains invisible and unimaginable and untouchable, beyond everything else that exists.

You flowers and trees, you hills and streams, you fields, flocks and wild birds, you books, you poems and you people, I am unutterably alone in the midst of you. The irrational hunger that sometimes gets into the depths of my will tries to swing my deepest self away from God and direct it to your love. I try to touch you with the deep fire that is in the centre of my heart, but I cannot touch you without defiling both you and myself, and I am abashed, solitary and helpless, surrounded by a beauty that can never belong to me.

But this sadness generates within me an unspeakable reverence

for the holiness of created things, for they are pure and perfect and they belong to God and they are mirrors of His beauty. He is mirrored in all things like sunlight in clean water; but if I try to drink the light that is in the water I only shatter the reflection.

And so I live alone and chaste in the midst of the holy beauty of all created things, knowing that nothing I can see or hear or touch will ever belong to me, ashamed of my absurd need to give myself away to any one of them or to all of them. The silly, hopeless passion to give myself away to any beauty eats out my heart. It is an unworthy desire, but I cannot avoid it. It is in the hearts of us all, and we have to bear with it, suffer its demands with patience, until we die and go to heaven where all things will belong to us in their highest causes.

September 15th.

If I were more immersed in the Rule of St. Benedict, I would be a better writer.

If I were more absorbed in the Presence of God, I would be a better writer and would write much less.

There are now over two hundred in the community.

September 17th.

Nisi granum frumenti . . . unless the grain of wheat, falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone. The words are much more poignant in their context. Some gentiles had asked Philip if they might speak to Jesus. This is Our Lord's answer. They cannot come to Him through Philip and Andrew, they cannot even come to Him if they talk to Him because words will not unite them with Him. They can only come to Him if He dies for them.

Itself remaineth alone. St. John emphasizes more and more the loneliness, the moral isolation, of Christ before His Passion. He is alone from the beginning because He is God and all the rest are men. He is alone because nobody can understand Him. Already in the sixth chapter a whole crowd of disciples has abandoned Him because His doctrine of the Eucharist is so far beyond them. He is isolated by the increasing hatred of the Pharisees, who form a stronger and stronger front against Him, forcing others to separate themselves from Him. He is isolated by His own greatness which elevates Him further and further

above His enemies. Now He is alone among men who either hate Him or do not know how to love Him, because they are unable to know Him as He really is. Yet there are some who want to come to the true knowledge and love of Him. If they are to be with Him, He must pass through death and take them with Him into life.

I am alone in the world with a different loneliness from that of Christ. He was alone because He was everything. I am alone because I am nothing. I am alone in my insufficiency—dependent, helpless, contingent, and never quite sure that I am really leaning on Him upon whom I depend.

Yet to trust in Him means to die, because to trust perfectly in Him you have to give up all trust in anything else. And I am afraid of that death. The only thing I can do about it is to make that fear become part of the death I must die, to live perfectly in Him.

Our souls are baptized in His death. Our souls have passed from death to life. Yesterday at the Communion of the Conventional Mass my faculties were also baptized in His death, for a short time. Without any work on my own part, and in spite of myself—for I was dull and distracted—I suddenly found myself completely recollected and sunk in Him and protected on all sides by His Presence so that my imagination became incapable of going anywhere and doing anything, and my memory was completely sated by darkness. Comfortably locked away in recollection and peace I had the feeling that I couldn't get out if I tried. I was so numb that all the business of movements in choir slowed down to a dream and this went on until after Sext. The dream ebbed out of me when I walked off to our books. The same thing came back at None and Vespers, but not at Compline, and not today either. It was a great and merciful relief because it washed away much of the strain and sorrow of all the interior fighting I have been doing and still have to do.

September 21st.

The word "poignant" is taking a very prominent place in my vocabulary these days! That is because there is some power that keeps seizing my heart in its fist and wringing cries out of me (I mean the quiet kind that make themselves heard by twisting within you) and beating me this way and that until I am scarcely able to reel. Day and night I am bullied by the most suspicious

of joys. I spend my time wrestling with emotions that seem to be now passion, now anguish, and now the highest religious exaltation. Frankly, I believe that they are all born of protest, on the part of my body and sensible soul, against the deprivation of human love.

Fortunately I have much intellectual work, and the books are my best shock-absorbers. But the absorption is not complete, it is only sublimated. The emotion is transferred to a spiritual plane. Every article in *La Vie Spirituelle*, every line of Job or Tobias seems to send me sky-high and I don't come down again for an hour. It is a terrific nuisance.

This morning, consecrating the Precious Blood, I became so overwhelmed that I had doubts (I hope they were negative doubts) whether I had actually said all the words properly and whether the consecration were valid.

But occasionally I get a little rest. Yesterday, for instance, I was able to relax practically all day in a blessed aridity in which things were, once again, mercifully insipid and distasteful. What a relief to be indifferent to things after having been pushed around by a crowd of different intoxications, some of which seem to be intensely holy and some of which do not even bother to wear a disguise.

It is not much fun to live the spiritual life with the spiritual equipment of an artist.

Yesterday afternoon, in the cornfield, I began to feel rather savage about the whole business. I suppose this irritation was the sign that the dry period was reaching its climax and was about to go over again into the awful battle with joy. My soul was cringing and doubling up and subconsciously getting ready for the next tidal wave. At the moment all I had left in my heart was an abyss of self-hatred—waiting for the next appalling sea.

We have a new machine that rushes through the cornfield, raffishly seizing the corn and reducing it instantly to finely minced particles which it then sprays into a truck that travels along beside it. This apparatus charges through the field doing all the work, and the rest of us simply have to cut a few stalks that have blown down and are lying too low for the monster to snatch them with its knives. Things have changed greatly in the six years since I was a novice. But since there is much more work, we can do with a few machines.

THE IMAGE AND THE WORD—I

By
CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN

THE object of this enquiry is to discover what there is in the *Opus Oxoniense* which could conceivably cause Hopkins to exclaim: "When I took in any inscape of the sky or sea, I thought of Scotus." Since Hopkins made this remark at a time when he had "first begun to get hold of the copy of 'Scotus on the Sentences,'" (i.e. the *Opus Oxoniense*), it seems reasonable to restrict the enquiry to the first part of Book I of Scotus's work. Book I, distinction 3, offers the most likely links with "inscapes," for it concerns the origin of knowing; and this would have been a subject prominent in Hopkins's mind at the time (1872), for he had "done" epistemology in the first year of his course of philosophy (1870-1), and was now engaged upon psychology. His theory of ideogenesis, however, had already been formed fairly definitely at Oxford, and indications of it can be found in two essays printed on pages 95 to 102 of the *Notebooks*—an essay on words, and an essay on Parmenides. Since these (written in 1868) were his last theorizings on the subject *before* encountering Scotus, a comparison between them and his later writings may help to re-create the impact of Scotus's mind upon him. The method will be first, to lay Hopkins's essays alongside of passages in Scotus and note resemblances and differences; and, then, to consider his later writings and see whether resemblances are deepened and differences bridged. The method is bound to seem artificial. But it is only meant as a sort of taking-off ground to discover the larger affinities between the two men which we know *a priori* to have existed. The article which follows is a preliminary enquiry based on Hopkins's essay on words and Scotus's *Opus Oxoniense*, Book I, distinction 3, with parallel passages added for elucidation.

The chief point of Hopkins's essay seems to be contained in the following two sentences:

To every word meaning a thing and not a relation belongs a passion or prepossession or enthusiasm which it has the power of suggesting or producing.

and:

Works of art of course like words utter the idea and in representing real things convey the prepossession with more or less success.

By "prepossession" he does not mean the associations which words acquire in the course of time, but, rather, some remnant of the original power that first matched them with reality. In order to show how they do correspond with reality, he explores the origin of the idea, as follows:

For the word is the expression, *uttering* of the idea in the mind. That idea itself has its two terms, the image (of sight or sound or *scapes* of the other senses) which is in fact physical and a refined energy accenting the nerves, a word to oneself, an inchoate word, and secondly the conception.

Evidently, the image or inchoate word is what must be conveyed by the "prepossession" or suggestive-power of words. Note that it is a *pre*-possession: that is, it is not an after-thought, it *precedes*, and is perhaps superseded by, the clear prosaic expression. Hence the following passage in Scotus would probably have struck an immediate response in Hopkins's mind. Scotus, also, is discussing the origin of the idea:

The whole process of confusedly-thinking is earlier than the whole process of distinctly-thinking. . . . We always know-confusedly before we distinctly-understand.

And he adds:

To know-confusedly is enough to suggest a name for something; but there must be distinct knowing in order to arrive at a definition.

There is a resemblance between Scotus's "*confuse-cognoscere*" and Hopkins's "inchoate word." But there is also a difference. Accepting the suggested identification, we may say that, for Scotus, the inchoate word is enough to name a thing by, that is, to express its identity. But Hopkins in this essay does not allow

the inchoate word the dignity of being a proper word. Hopkins says:

A word has three terms belonging to it, *δροι*, or moments—its prepossession of feeling; its definition, abstraction, vocal expression or other utterance; and its application, “extension,” the concrete things coming under it. It is plain that of these only one in propriety is the “word”—namely the second.

But Scotus, in a parallel passage from a different work, writes:

Both the feeling in the soul (*passio in anima*) and the verbal utterance are immediate signs of the thing, though the feeling is the more immediate and the thing is only that which is immediately signified by either.

It is natural to identify Scotus's *passio in anima* with Hopkins's “passion or prepossession of feeling.” But there is a difference. For Hopkins, the “prepossession” is different from the definition or vocal expression which alone can in propriety be called a *word*. For Scotus, the *passio in anima* is not so different from the word or vocal expression; both are immediate signs of reality. Scotus's word is, in this case, not the expression of distinct understanding, but of the confused awareness that precedes it; it is not enough to constitute a definition, it is enough to name a thing by—and to name a thing requires more intimate awareness than to define it.

I think that, if Hopkins took this point from Scotus, it was an important one, and may have influenced his subsequent belief that poetry must be judged by the spoken, not by the written, word, and that some experiences can be rightly uttered in one, and in one only, set of words—“like a mate,” as he put it to Bridges in 1887, “which may be given one way only, in three moves, otherwise various ways, in many.” For Scotus's opinion, if followed up, is going to mean that, in certain experiences, we are confusedly aware of all and more than all that we afterwards distinctly define, and, moreover, that there may be buried in this confused awareness a *name*, or set of words, which will ring as exactly as any definition and much more vividly.

Continuing about confused awareness, Scotus says:

What I first do actually confusedly-know is the *species specialissima* of whatever individual more strongly and prevailingly moves my sense, whether by hearing, by seeing, or by touch.

It is not possible, at this stage, to say how Hopkins interpreted the phrase *species specialissima*; but the obvious *prima facie* meaning is: the most distinctive likeness of the individual, the nearest possible approach to it. There is an apparent resemblance between this passage of Scotus and the one of Hopkins already quoted in which he speaks of "an inchoate word" which is "the image of sight or sound or *scapes* of the other senses." The introduction of the senses weaves closer the connection between the "cognitum confuse" of Scotus and the "inchoate word" of Hopkins. But again there is a difference. Hopkins is speaking of imagination. Scotus is speaking of sensation.

It may not be clear whether Scotus's *species specialissima* is the genuine nature of the object (using *species* in the sense of specific nature), or the impression made by it on the mind of the subject (using *species* in the sense of likeness); but one thing is quite clear, and that is that the *species specialissima* is immediately given in sensation. Hopkins, on the other hand, in a footnote, definitely excludes sensation from the context of his "image of sight or sound"; he means, he says, the image that comes "when deliberately formed or when a thought is recalled."

So here, about sensation, we have the second difference between Scotus and Hopkins. The first one was about the degree of knowledge needed to produce a word. They may seem very slender points. But I think they are important as being little pushes in a direction that Hopkins was already, but diffidently, following. In effect, so far, Scotus has told him to put more trust in the primitive way of knowing, and now he is going to tell him that sensation is nobler, more spiritual, more akin to the intellect than imagination. In an earlier question, Scotus has this pregnant sentence which Hopkins may already have noticed; the Latin is sufficiently clear not to need translation:

Est in intellectu ista distinctio inter intellectionem intuitivam et abstractivam, sicut in parte sensitiva est distinctio inter actum visus et actum phantasiae.

The difference between sensation and imagination is the same sort of difference as between intuition and abstraction.

What Hopkins had called "the image," viz: "a refined energy accenting the nerves," would be what Scotus would call the "phantasma"; he says of the "phantasma" that:

The mind turns to it, not as to the object, nor as to anything representing the object, but so as to intensify its own likeness to the object.

This is not very clear. Indeed it is, for me at any rate, an almost hopeless task to try and give a coherent account in modern terminology of Scotus's theory of knowing. I am only hoping to pick out suggestions that would have stimulated a poetic mind. And it seems to me that in this Scotist distinction between intuition-plus-sensation on the one hand, and abstraction-plus-phantasia on the other, we have a suggestion that made an immediate appeal to Hopkins. We have seen how in one of his later letters he praised Wordsworth especially for his "spiritual insight into nature"; in another letter, of the same period, he blames Swinburne precisely because he lacks this insight into nature and contents himself with *phantasmata*, or secondary images, instead:

Either he does not see nature at all, or else he overlays the landscape with such phantasmata, secondary images, and what-not of a delirium-tremendous imagination that the result is a kind of bloody broth. . . At any rate there is no picture.

In parallel passages from another work,^{//} Scotus amplifies the distinction between intuitive knowing and abstractive knowing. Intuitive knowing (or insight) puts you in immediate touch with what is real but indefinable, viz. the actually existing. Abstractive knowing is so called, not because it abstracts from material conditions, but because it abstracts from whether the object exists or not.

There are two ways of knowing: one, of the essence, abstracting from whether it exists or not; the other—which is called insight—of something existing, as it exists (*visio existentis ut existens*).

Again, he says:

As the eye has direct sight (*visus*), so the mind has direct insight into existing nature (*visio naturae existentis*), but it is not an insight into the self or singular as such.

Visus and *visio*, sight and insight, are not exactly the same, but (and this applies to all the senses generally, in conjunction with insight) they operate as one, according to a principle which he has already enunciated:—

The higher power covers the same field as the lower, when both are working properly.

For this reason—because they act as one, and because they are akin to each other—Scotus brackets sensation and intuition together, whereas *phantasia* is bracketed with abstractive knowing. One is tempted here to illuminate Scotus's contrast between *visio* and *phantasia* with Coleridge's well-known contrast between "imagination" and "fancy". Fancy, for Coleridge, gives you distinctly particularized images and conceits, whereas imagination gives you a deep insight into the nature that mysteriously unites all things. I cannot afford to follow Coleridge's terminology, and will make no verbal distinction between "imagination" and "fancy"; but if one attends to realities rather than words, it will be found that Scotus is allowing for the same sort of experience that Coleridge was trying to convey. This is the experience which Scotus called *visio naturae existentis sine visione singularitatis*—an insight into existing nature but not into the individuality of any particular thing. In Scotus's theory of knowing, the distinction between "nature" and "individuality" cuts across, and is more important than, the distinction between spirit and matter. In insight, there is no distinction between sense and intellect and no opposition between spirit and matter. The opposition which becomes manifest in abstractive knowing, (e.g. between thought and extension), is really an opposition between nature and individuality, represented in me by two levels of consciousness which Scotus calls respectively "the first act" and "the second act." The first act is simply the immanent activity of a knowing nature; it is the specific form (human nature) exercising its innate power of knowing. The second act is the striving of the individual to adapt this power of knowing to his own advantage. Hence, Scotus generally identifies nature with "mind," and individuality with "will."

But, sticking to the province of mind, we may speak, in later parlance, of the introvert and the extrovert tendencies of my mind. The introvert tendency is the *Natura Communis*, the common nature, whose powers I appropriate but whose innate contemplation of its Author exceeds my conscious control. The extrovert tendency is my selfhood which, by imposing its *haecceitas* (or "thisness") on the common nature, seeks to define and differ-

entiate both itself and the other objects which share the common nature. If there were no opposition between the introvert "first act" and the extrovert "second act," I could, with full self-consciousness, contemplate the Author and Exemplar of created nature. But there is opposition.

The saying of Augustine (about the natural contemplation of God) must be understood of the first act becoming, just as it is, the second act. But, as things are now, there is a barrier. And, because of this barrier, the second act is not the whole utterance of the first.¹

Now, so far we have distinguished three pairs in Scotus—(i) the first act and the second act, (ii) intuition (or insight) and abstraction, (iii) *confuse-cognoscere* and *distincte-cognoscere*. What is the connection between them? The connection is as follows.

In perfect insight, we should have clear and distinct knowledge of all that is contained in the first act. But, in general, in this life, we do not have perfect insight, but only imperfect. Imperfect insight is thus restricted to *confuse-cognoscere*; and *distincte-cognoscere* only occurs in abstractive knowing. Thus, in practice, there is a rough identification between insight and confused knowing and the first act, on the one hand, and abstraction, distinct knowing, and the second act, on the other. However, it must be remembered that insight is extrovert knowing.

Insight is the expression of the first act when it is just on the point of becoming the second act; it is the expression of universal nature in the act of reaching individuality, which is the peak of its evolution; the result is what Scotus calls the *species specialissima*—nature which is nearly individual, but not quite.

The sensing mind is not aware of any individual as such; but it is directly aware of nature as a real entity, and yet of nature as permeated with a certain individuality.²

But, in the ordinary course of things, insight is at once superseded by distinct knowing. And in distinct knowing, the common nature and the individuality of the object are separated by abstraction and imagination into concept and phantasm; the common

¹ *Dictum Augustini debet intelligi de actu primo sufficiente ex se ad actum secundum, sed tamen nunc impeditur, propter quod impedimentum actus secundus non elicetur a primo.*

² *Sensus non per se sentit singulare, tamen sentit naturam extra animam primo, sed ut coniunctam singularitati necessario.*

nature is represented as a universal idea, and the individual object is distinguished from it by being imaged as extended and impenetrable. Thus arises the apparent opposition between thought and extension, which is expressed in Aristotelian parlance thus—

Intellect deals with universal ideas, sense with particular things.¹

The experience of insight, however, encourages Scotus to dismiss this artificial opposition between intellect and sense, and to enunciate his own maxim, which has been already quoted:

Intellect covers the same field as sense, if both are working properly.²

The real antinomy in the universe is between the centripetal force of the common nature and the centrifugal forces of innumerable selves. And in myself the antinomy is represented by the introvert tendency to "return to the womb" of nature, and the extrovert tendency to a clearer and more distinct consciousness of myself as only one object among many.

I have sketched in thus roughly the relation between *confusecognoscere* and the first act, because the same sort of line of thought seems to have been going on in Hopkins's mind when he wrote this 1868 essay. For Hopkins, having made a distinction between the "inchoate word" and the "word proper" which corresponds to Scotus's distinction between *confuse-cognoscere* and *distinctecognoscere*, proceeds at once to make another distinction which seems to be just the same as that of Scotus between the first act and the second act. And in case these verbal resemblances may seem accidental and trivial, it is time to say that they are probably not accidental; they derive from parallel trends of thought.

Hopkins, in this essay, is trying to reconcile confused intuition with critical intelligence. Scotus, in these questions of distinction 3, is trying to reconcile Augustinian "exemplarism" with Aristotelian "rationalism." He is trying to save the objective reality of sensation from the exemplarists, and the intellectual validity of intuition from the rationalists. He adheres to the Aristotelian dictum that there can be no actual knowing except through sensible objects. And yet he insists, with Augustine, that the mind has a source of knowledge independent of the senses. Hence,

¹ *Intellectus est universalium, sensus autem particularium.*

² *Potentia superior operatur circa idem quod inferior, si utraque habet operationem perfectam.*

perhaps, the next, and last, unconscious resemblance between *Opus Oxoniense*, I.3. and the 1868 essay of Hopkins.

Exploring further the nature of his "inchoate word" Hopkins says:

The mind has two kinds of energy, (i) a transitional kind when one thought or sensation follows another, which is to reason, whether actively as in deliberation, criticism, or passively, so to call it, as in reading, etc. (ii) an abiding kind for which I remember no name, in which the mind is absorbed (as far as that may be), taken up by, dwells upon, enjoys, a single thought: we may call it contemplation. . . .

And then follows his conclusion:

Art exacts this energy of contemplation but also the other one, and in fact they are not incompatible.

Now, Scotus, after making his distinction between confused and distinct knowing, makes another distinction which comes to the same as that between first act and second act. He distinguishes between *actual* knowing (which, we have seen, is either confused or distinct, intuitive or abstract) on the one hand, and *habitual* knowing, on the other: *cognitio actualis* and *cognitio habitualis*. And he says of them that *actualis* may be called "transient" in opposition to *habitualis* which is "immanent," because, although all knowing is immanent, yet actual knowing is "the uttering of that which is immanent": *elicitio intellectionis quae immanet*. *Habitualis* is so-called from *habitus* which means a natural tendency or disposition, not a "habit" in our sense of the word.

This distinction of Scotus must be understood in the context of his attempt to reconcile the two theories which loosely, but for convenience, I have called the "Augustinian" and the "Aristotelian." The "Augustinian" theory was that all human knowledge was derived from intuition of the divine exemplars in the soul which reflected them independently of the senses. The "Aristotelian" theory was that all human knowledge is derived by abstraction from images impressed on the senses by material things. Scotus was by no means the first to try and correct and connect these extremes. He had a long line of Oxford and Franciscan predecessors behind him, notably Bishop Robert of Lincoln and Richard of Middleton, who had by this time worked out a compromise which more or less relegated the Augustinian

process to the realm of habitual or unconscious knowing, and adopted the Aristotelian for actual or conscious knowing. Thus, in habitual or abiding knowledge (the first act), the soul is the unconscious recipient of knowing energy from the Creative Mind of God. In actual knowledge (the second act), it appropriates this energy to the discernment of particular objects. Evidently, intuitive knowing will be more in touch with this habitual knowing than will abstractive.

It is not difficult to re-set Hopkins's problem in these terms. It becomes a problem of how to transmit the influx of creative energy: how to maintain the mind in dependence on its source of inspiration, and at the same time to assert its conscious independent critical activity. Hopkins had casually asserted in his essay:

Art exacts both . . . and they are not incompatible,

but as he grew older he realized that one cannot so easily dispose of a seam that does so divide English poetry. The Elizabethans and the Metaphysicals may have been clear of it; but every poet since Milton has tended to fall foul on either side of it: the eighteenth century on the "Aristotelian" side, the nineteenth on the "Augustinian," as Hopkins noted later on:

The strictly poetical insight and inspiration of our poetry seems to me to be of the very finest . . . but its rhetoric is inadequate.

The problem in its modern setting has been thus expressed by Professor Tillyard in his *Poetry Direct and Oblique*:

To-day the problem has altered because at last it has been formulated explicitly. We know what has been lost and desiderate a quasi-animal spontaneity; we know what has been won and refuse to surrender the keenest self-consciousness. The problem is to combine the largest possible proportion of both ideals.

How quasi-animality can be an ideal we need not stop to enquire. It is enough to recognize the same fundamental problem couched in different jargon.

Supposing, as seems reasonable to suppose, that Hopkins was interested in this problem, he could have found no better point of departure for immersion in Scotus. The Scotist distinctions between confused and distinct knowing, between intuition (*plus*

sensation) and abstraction (*plus* imagination), between habitual and actual knowing, are all clearly relevant. And even more so is the distinction between "nature" and "self" with their different activities in the same subject.

The distinction between intuition and abstraction, and the distinction between selfhood and the common nature are peak-points in Scotist psychology which I claim to have captured for Hopkins, though much intervening ground remains to be explored. But before exploring it there is a third peak of Scotist psychology, which may here be usefully added, namely, the pre-eminence of "will" in the process of knowing. Scotus regards Will as a sort of *third* level of consciousness in which the former two, the first and second acts, can be combined. Thus from the outset he offered Hopkins a solution of his problem as to how spontaneous contemplation can be reconciled with rational judgment, and at the same time he led him to that fateful connection, or confusion, between prayer and poetry, which was to be the making, or the marring, of his art.

The question (which afterwards haunted Hopkins) is how the mind acts under the influence of divine grace, and it is treated by Scotus, first in the Prologue to the *Opus Oxoniense*, and then in Question 9 of this distinction 3 under the title:

"Whether in the mind there is distinctly the image of the Trinity?"¹

Two conditions, he says, must be fulfilled if the mind is to operate in the image of the Blessed Trinity. There must be what he calls, (i) *consubstantialitas*, and (ii) *distinctio rei et rei, et ordo originis*—"consubstantiality" and "distinction of thing from thing, and order of origin." These are other terms for first and second act.

In the first act, says Scotus, there is "consubstantiality." "Consubstantiality" means the identity of essence and activity. What the mind knows is identical with what the mind *is*. The mind's essence *is* its continual dependence on God; it knows this, but cannot express it objectively because the object, God, is transcendent and Infinite. The mind's *cognitio habitualis* is its innate tendency towards the Infinite. (We have already seen that *habitualis* is from *habitus* which means a natural tendency, *not* an acquired "habit.") In a previous question—6—Scotus has been

¹ Utrum in mente sit distincte imago Trinitatis?

careful to distinguish *habitus*, the innate tendency, from *habilitas*, the adaptability that comes from repeated experience.)

In the second act there is what Scotus calls "distinction and order of origin"; there is order of origin from confused to distinct thought, and there is that distinction between subject and object which implies judgment and self-consciousness. But the very fact of order and distinction means that the mind's tendency to the Infinite has been so "adapted to domestic purposes" that it is no longer recognizable in its original form.

In the first act, although there is consubstantiality, there is no real distinction between thing and thing, nor order of origin. In the second act, although there is distinction and origin, in a way, there is no consubstantiality. From this follows a third: the image consists in the first and second acts together. And this I understand as follows . . ."

There is a third level of consciousness, the act of willing, in which the exigencies of the soul on the other two levels can both be satisfied. The will, of its nature, can rest in nothing less than the infinite, so that the innate striving of the first act can be caught up in the act of willing. But also the will, of its nature, demands an object that is a real individual *other than oneself*; and so the objectivity—the *distinctio rei et rei* of the second act—is also satisfied. And if the act of the will springs *spontaneously* from the prompting of the first act and from the ratification of the second, then the order of origin is also preserved.

And this I understand as follows:—The soul reaches one sort of perfection when it exercises its inborn power of knowing. It reaches another sort of perfection when it formally acknowledges what it already knows. It reaches a final perfection in the act of willing. . . . These three perfections are known as memory, understanding, and will. . . . When these three are in action, there is consubstantiality because the soul's essence consists in these three activities, and there is also distinction and order of origin because the soul actually passes through these three different stages of perfection.

The three different levels of consciousness are identified with the traditional Augustinian division of the powers of the soul into memory, understanding, and will. But by "memory" is meant the innate memory, not the acquired memory; Platonic *anamnesis* rather than *mimesis*. By "understanding" is meant *intellectio practica* as opposed to *intellectio speculativa*—a distinction which seems to

come to much the same as that between Newman's "real assent" and "notional assent", inasmuch as *intellectio practica* is such that an act of the will inevitably follows it. By "will" is meant the spontaneous, not the arbitrary will.

These qualifications come from the "Prologue," where the mechanism of the simultaneous calling-out of the three powers, is explained thus:—

Memory can transmit its entire object to understanding only when it is rationalized in the widest possible terms, i.e. in terms of "being" without any limitations. But "unlimited being" is the only intelligible object which the will, as a spiritual power, spontaneously pursues. The interaction, or "instress," of the three powers is, thus, the total response of the rational creature to its Creator. Truth is the conformation of the mind to its object. But the rational soul is perfectly conformed with its object only when it operates in the image of the Trinity. Conversely, it only operates in the image of the Trinity when the Presence of God is its original object.

Just conceivably, you may say, this has something to do with prayer; but what on earth can it have to do with poetry?

Well, in this same question 9 he has a passage which can only be briefly alluded to here; it must be considered more fully later, for it is the crux of the "prayer and poetry" question. He says that though the *perfect* image of the Trinity is only achieved when God is the beginning and end, the inspirer and consummation, of the process, yet the mechanism of the process can be set in motion by any object whatsoever. In certain conditions, an *imperfect* image of the Trinity can be achieved when some sensible object causes the soul to pursue not God Himself but the likeness of God in the soul's own triple activity. The conditions are: (i) that the bodily sensation should be caught up in the spiritual insight which is the expression of the innate memory's striving towards the infinite, (ii) that the phantasm of the imagination and the particular enquiry of the speculative intellect, which are bound to intervene, should be dominated by the single intellectual intuition of "being," and (iii) that, in consequence, the whole of nature in the act of being created, should breathe through the mind and find its mouthpiece in the personal will.

I have succeeded, alas, in making obscurer what was already obscure. But fortunately it is possible to throw a ray of light at

the end by turning to that poet whom, after Plato, Hopkins praised above all men for his "spiritual insight into nature."

Wordsworth, in the sixth book of *The Prelude*, is describing a moment of inspiration which was subsequently enveloped in the vapours of imagination as a traveller is lost on a cloud-capped mountain. But in the moment before the mist of imagination descended, he was able to know and afterwards to say:

But to my conscious soul I now can say—
 "I recognize thy glory"; in such strength
 Of usurpation, when the light of sense
 Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
 The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,
 There harbours; whether we be young or old,
 Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
 Is with infinitude, and only there;
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,
 Effort, and expectation, and desire,
 And something evermore about to be.

It is only a moment of preternatural lucidity in the midst of a moralizing ramble. But it is sufficient. Here, in a few words of the poet, are the three ingredients which in laborious pages I have been trying to distill from Scotus. (i) The *visio naturae existentis*, the flash of sensation immediately allied to intellect, reveals the invisible world because it links memory with will, origin with destiny. (ii) In the memory is the hint of nature's origin from the infinite. (iii) In the will is the pledge of one's personal immortality.

It will be interesting to see (a) how these three psychic factors shaped the meaning which Hopkins, under Scotist influence, came to attach to his inscape, stress, and instress; and (b) how they influenced the actual composition of his verse. But more important is the moral problem. Is it not sacrilegious to barter the perfect for the imperfect image? And should not the pursuit of the imperfect image lead properly to sacramental marriage? And the pursuit of the perfect to complete "elected silence"?

(To be concluded.)

TRISTRAM HILLIER

By
SILVIA BAKER

A DAY or two before I went to Spain last winter, while visiting the Tate Gallery, I was particularly drawn to a picture of Tristram Hillier's. It was a still life study of harness. After contemplating the powerful design for some time, I tried to go away and look at other pictures, but I found myself obliged to return to it as to a magnet. A few weeks later, at Torre Molinos in Andalusia, I was staying in a small hotel. A group of Americans had come to this place to see the Holy Week processions in Malaga, and with them I noticed a man of distinguished appearance. From his ascetic expression one might have said a monk; or was he a Naval officer or perhaps the American ambassador who was expected? The proprietor of the hotel enlightened me: "That is Tristram Hillier." So I went up to Mr. Hillier and said, "I am one of your admirers," which was not strictly true, as I had seen only the two pictures in the Tate Gallery. We found we had one fascinating subject in common, Professor Tonks, the Master at the Slade School, where we had both studied. But Mr. Hillier's training at the Slade in the tradition of Ingres, which Professor Tonks pursued, lasted only for a year. "I have always been grateful to Tonks," the painter has written in a letter, "for making me appreciate the necessity for absolute integrity in drawing. He had no patience with slipshod drawing. For a year he would allow me nothing but a lead pencil to work with—and I would do the same for any student of mine. At the end of that time we quarrelled, for he disliked the interest I began to have for the Parisian school of the period. Particularly I was interested in Picasso and Braque. The former I now have no use for, but Braque has remained a friend, and I still admire his work enormously."

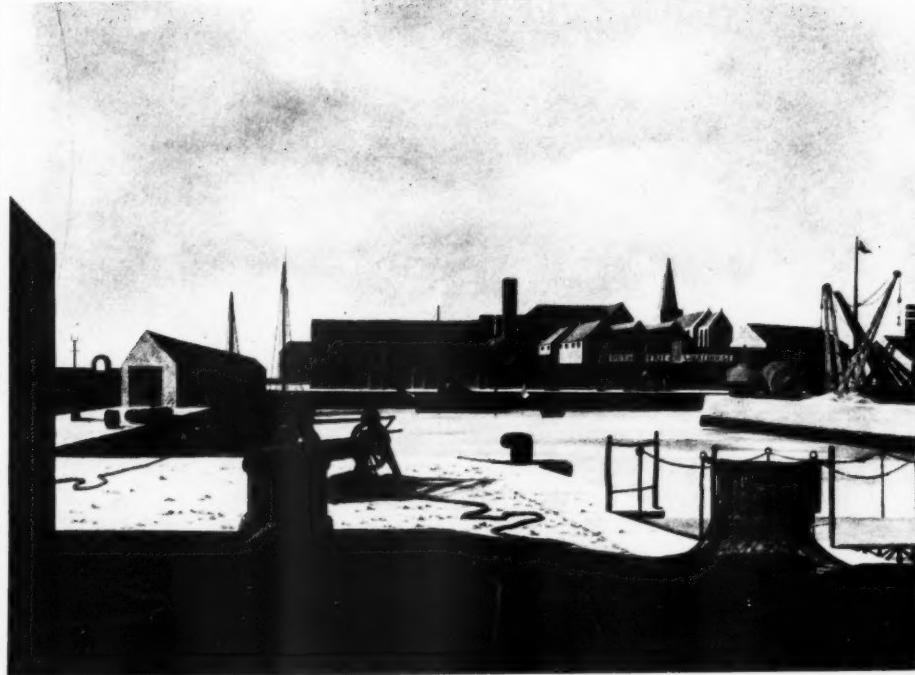
Tristram Hillier was born in Peking, educated at Downside and Christ's College, Cambridge; subsequently he studied at the Slade School, and at the *atelier* of André Lhôte in Paris. Then he retired

THE
ESTUARY
1943



CONNEMARA
HARVEST
1946





GALWAY HARBOUR 1947



VISEU 1947



WHITSTABLE OYSTERMEN 1948

to a cottage in Provence where he devoted himself to a study of Cézanne. He lived in France from 1925 to 1940, painting also in Italy, Spain, Greece, Portugal, Yugoslavia and Germany. He has held to date a one-man exhibition in Paris at the Galerie Barréiros, Rue de Seine, two one-man exhibitions at Reid and Lefèvre Galleries, a show at the old Mayor Gallery, and two shows at Arthur Tooth & Sons, London. He was a member of "Unit One" and served in the R.N.V.R. from 1940 to 1943, when he was invalidated from service; he has since lived and worked in Somerset.

Three of Tristram Hillier's pictures have been bought by the Contemporary Art Society, and, besides those in the Tate Gallery, his pictures hang in the National Gallery of Canada at Ottawa, the Art Gallery of Toronto, and in public galleries at Manchester, Hull, Aberdeen, Sydney, Adelaide and the U.S.A.

When he is in Spain, his Muse, of whom he is wont to speak in the most abusive terms, leads him to desolate villages, where he lodges in wretched *fondas* and there distils his poetry of desolation—an Isaiah of the brush picturing the destruction of the post-atom-bomb world. It used to amuse me to greet him on his return from some dreary village in the mountains (not only wretchedly uncomfortable but rather dangerous, for in such places the still uncaptured Reds are known to be lurking) and to hear how this notorious gourmet had been existing on Spanish peasant food (one of the usual daily dishes of which consists of slabs of fat floating in some sort of liquid).

He would bring back a trophy of exquisite pencil drawings of churches and bullrings and strange interiors of old windmills. Like many of the Old Masters, he almost invariably paints from drawings, and he suffers occasionally from black moods that would appear to be induced by jealousy. "One does a good drawing," he has said, "and then one sees a Piero or an Ingres, and depression returns. The *concurrence* is impossible."

In the mountain village of Mijas, he made a drawing strangely symbolic of Spain, of the church confronting the ancient bullring. The Spaniards in the hotel were saying, "How can he stay a whole week conversing with those Sancho Panzas up there?" But the Sancho Panzas, as a matter of fact, had been extraordinarily tactful. They were pleased that he admired their village. "*Precioso*," they said when they inspected his drawings.

In Spain he made a drawing as a result of an experience in a

village railway station, where he had seen a group of emaciated beggars clamouring for food and pesetas from the passengers in a train. In his picture the beggars stand with their backs to the spectator, facing the crowded windows of the train, their thin arms raised in supplication, and so deeply felt is the incident that one feels that the passengers are pilgrims carried by the train through the difficult journey of Life. On one occasion, a fisherman sat to him in Torres Molinos. After the sitting Tristram Hillier said, "Clothes are only fit to draw when they are like this man's clothes stiffened with sweat, faded by the sun and countless washings to lilac and crimson and dove-grey and other unnameable colours."

"It was not, I think, until about 1935 that I began to discover what I personally wanted," he has written in answer to a question of mine, "and in that period I painted many seascapes, harbour scenes and the like, rather under the influence of Wadsworth, whom I knew well, and worked with a great deal, though I never used tempera, much to his annoyance. Now I think I have found what I want. My spiritual guides seem to be the Flemish and Dutch painters (much as I love the early Italian schools) and I think that I am more influenced by Van Eyck than anyone."

This artist's critics sometimes complain that the human element is neglected in his pictures. Occasionally, however, a figure is seen walking away from the scene, or an old coat or a shoe will suggest that once there were human beings moving in the landscape. Critics make strange complaints. From the orchestra of nature, must the artist choose all the instruments to play on? May not deserted landscapes be his theme? These apocalyptic scenes of his are instinct with religious feeling, which is clearly expressed in "The Accident," a modern *pietà*. Strange texts that seem to have double meanings appear in the compositions: "Beware of Blasting" in one of them, and in another the warning "No Through Road."

In the picture called "Tidal Creek" the modelling of the earth is expressed partly by the shadows of the fences and trees. I remember Tristram Hillier saying that if he were to teach drawing he would place great emphasis on the interpretation of form by means of cast shadows.

"Texture is what I love," he has written in answer to my questions about Technique, "and I do not think I have any great

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message to convey. My importance, if any, lies in trying to preserve a Tradition in an age of Chaos. Painting, it seems to me, is akin to philosophy in that each must be pursued within a framework (for painting, Tradition: for philosophy, Religion) and the endeavour to achieve absolute freedom of expression leads only to chaotic expression which, paradoxically, is of course a slavery instead of a freedom. In Technique I have little to say, as my technique is so simple. I paint on a white ground that requires many months of preparation. But it is only composed of many thin coats of zinc white. Each is rubbed down, imposed in the first place upon an oil-primed canvas—or in the case of wood, upon a solid gesso ground. That is all and after that I just paint."

I find a page torn from a diary I kept in Spain: "Tristram Hillier is grumbling about the length of time it takes to travel from Torre Molinos to Cadiz, where he is to board his cargo-boat for England. He says that since efficiency kills beauty, it is stupid to expect rapid transport in Spain, the beautiful land of yesterday."

I have seen him since my return to London. "I could never live in this town again," he said. "The terrible faces you see—eyes with devils looking out from them. If Hieronymus Bosch were alive today his paintings would no longer be caricatures. He'd be looked upon as an academic portrait-painter."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

A SHEAF of new records makes its existence heard by means of glamour and poetry of orchestration, by technical brilliance, by the force of romantic ideology. But however much these excellencies are necessary if music is to cover the whole ground of human emotion, there is a certain type of music the Olympian gravity of which sets it far above the merely fascinating. This type is epitomized in Tallis's 40-part Motet "Spem in Alium" (sung by the Morley College Choir under Michael Tippett and issued in record form by H.M.V. 1921-2). It is, of course, a contrapuntal *tour-de-force*, and the organization of the eight 5-part choirs, often used antiphonally but which often also coalesce, is a monumental achievement: an achievement all the greater in that the tonal vision never becomes obscured by the multiplicity of contrapuntal problems. It is like a huge tapestry that gives an impression of stereoscopic depth, for oddly enough, the moving foreground events seem to take place against a more static background, although the latter is created by the former. The performance is most understanding, but however praiseworthy is the issue of such a record, no disc can contain everything there is in this unique piece of music.

At the opposite pole stand two works, both of which are masterpieces in their particular genre: the world of ballet. I refer to Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" (San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pierre Monteux: H.M.V. DB 9409-12) and Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," Suite No. 2 (Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion, conducted by Paul Kletzki: Columbia 1215-6). Ravel's Suite stands superior as a piece of organized music, for when the eye is not engaged the static repetitions in Stravinsky's remarkable score become too noticeable. Never have I heard a performance that more fully reveals the strands in the complicated harmonic texture, or which makes the sonorities so luminous. The Ravel is efficient and beautiful in many ways, but requires more *élan*. Inhabiting the same world as the latter work, but not approaching it in stature, are Turina's "Rapsodia Sinfonica" (two mutually contradictory terms) played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Walter Süßkind, with Moura Lympany, piano (H.M.V. C 3912), and Debussy's "Petite Suite," an unrepresentative work of his youth, played by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, under Ansermet (Decca AK 2047-8). The effect of both, even if, as here, impeccably performed, is wan and somewhat pointless, and I wonder why it was felt necessary to issue them when so much far finer music remains neglected. Two delightful English pieces, that also belong to the "impressionistic" school, have been recently recorded: Delius's "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" (Royal Philharmonic

Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, H.M.V. DB 6923) and John Ireland's "The Forgotten Rite" (Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli, H.M.V. C 3894). Both are exquisite miniatures and are beautifully played.

Nostalgic impressionism, combined with a brilliant use of syncopated rhythm, have, in Constant Lambert's "The Rio Grande," produced another unique English work. It dates, yes: it is basically banal, yes: yet it makes an effect by its complete spontaneity, its youthful scorn of convention. The performance in the recent re-issue of the work (Philharmonia Orchestra and chorus, with Kyla Greenbaum, piano, and Gladys Ripley, contralto, conducted by the composer: Columbia DX 1591-2) is likewise spontaneous, but not always accurate in detail. Stemming more from Bartók is Priaulx Rainer's String Quartet No. 1 (Amadeus Quartet: Decca AK 2278-9); but it has little of Bartók's purpose, has his manner without his corresponding wealth of matter. I find this work curiously unrewarding in the way it constantly evades coming to grips with important matters.

The coupling of the works of two composers often sheds light on both. This is peculiarly the case with Sibelius and Tchaikovsky. Hearing in juxtaposition Symphony No. 7 by the former (Hallé Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli: H.M.V. C 3895-7) and Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique) by the latter (Vienna Philharmonic under von Karajan: Columbia LX 8689-8704) gives evidence of an unmistakable debt by Sibelius to Tchaikovsky. Again and again similar melodic phraseology and orchestral colour are found in both, but in the earlier composer they are put to human-emotional ends, whereas in the later they subserve naturalistic and almost non-human ones. I am not at all sure that, in spite of its many beauties, Sibelius's last Symphony is his finest: its mixed ingredients are not always unified. Parlophone (Odeon Series RO 20574-5) issue four songs of Sibelius: but his genius needs room for ample movement—confined in miniatures the result is curiously unsatisfactory.

Strauss and Wagner, like Sibelius and Tchaikovsky, belong to the same technical genre. But in the recent issue of excerpts from operas of these composers, it is Strauss who reveals himself as the subtler psychologist (Presentation of the Silver Rose, from "Der Rosenkavalier," Act 2: Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra: Columbia LX 8693-5). Three Wagner records, the remarkable mono-chordal Prelude to "Das Rheingold," the "Ride of the Valkyries" (Philharmonia Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent: Columbia 1607) and Act 2, Scene 2, of "Tristan" (Metropolitan Opera Orchestra under Fritz Busch: Columbia LX 1243-4) give force to Cecil Gray's suggestion that all Wagner's music, human or naturalistic, is "program-

matic," and nowhere deeply abstract. The extract from "Tristan" I found difficult to listen to isolatedly.

Before I leave the moderns for the classics I must mention Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" (Philharmonia Orchestra with Cyril Smith, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent: Columbia DX 1608-10). This is brilliantly effective and highly stimulating music so long as the composer lets his fancy play pyrotechnically on the pregnant theme: it is let down badly when he introduces in the middle a slow "contrasting" section, with its mawkish romanticism. The playing is fine and authoritative.

Among the classics are: Brahms' Concerto in D minor, Op. 15 (Philharmonia Orchestra with Claudio Arrau, conducted by Basil Cameron, H.M.V. DB 9250-55), a work that is often too "spread-out" and lacking in concentration; the ever-lovely Brahms-Haydn Variations, played superbly by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Furtwängler (H.M.V. DB 6932-34), and the same composer's G minor piano quartet played by members of the Busch Quartet with Rudolph Serkin (Columbia LX 1217-21). The balance here is too much in favour of the piano. Quartets include Schubert's G major, Op. 161 (Hungarian String Quartet: H.M.V. DB 9331-5), a work spiritually linked to the great C major quintet, and Haydn's E flat, Op. 64, No. 6, played by the New Italian Quartet (Decca AK 2159-60) with such a sense of unified tone-colour that the different instruments merge in a most remarkable manner. A truly lovely performance. As is also Fournier's of Dvorak's Cello Concerto (Philharmonia Orchestra under Kubelik: H.M.V. DB 6887-91), a work whose impassioned imaginative force is not surpassed in any concerto (except perhaps in the violin concerto of a fellow-Slav composer, Bartok).

Lesser works are Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave Overture" (London Philharmonic Orchestra under van Beinum: Decca K 2237), a poetical but unforceful performance; Chopin's Fantasie in F minor played in the grand manner by Malczynski (Columbia LY 1211-2); Bizet's curious and unknown orchestral work "Patrie," Op. 19 (The National Symphony Orchestra under Désormière: Decca AK 2195-6), mostly a string of marches, blatant and healthy; Purcell's "If Music be the Food of Love" and "Music for a While," sung by the counter-tenor Alfred Deller with harpsichord (H.M.V. C 3890), and, although lovely curiously disembodied in effect; finally, four records of the Westminster Cathedral Choir (H.M.V. B 9822-3 and C 3914-5) singing with assurance eight well-known hymns, among them "Salve Regina" and "Pange Lingua Gloriosi."

EDMUND RUBBRA

REVIEWS

PATRONAGE AND PLUNDER

The Taste of Angels, by Francis Henry Taylor (Hamish Hamilton 42s).

A SPRAWLING and often fascinating book about a sprawling and always fascinating subject, *The Taste of Angels* (the title remains mysterious) is the fruit of twelve years' labour and is claimed as the first general history of art-collecting to appear. And that may well be so, for this immense field, so faithfully tilled in isolated furrows, is too rich and various for any single method of cultivation yet devised. Mr. Taylor, it must certainly be said, offers us a prodigious nourishment of curiosity in his pursuit of what the purist might call the purely extraneous. He sets out with a theme—"the constant relation of art to gold"—which is interesting if limited. But his subject will not allow him to be thus confined. And after having contemplated art and plunder from the XVIII Dynasty, through Alexander's Persian conquests, the Roman Imperial expansion, the great deflation of the Dark Ages, the commercial revival that filled the treasuries in Venice, Florence, Milan, Augsburg, the huge glut of New World specie, the crash of the Antwerp Bourse, the transfer of treasures from bankrupt Latin Princes to the new capitalism of the Protestant North, the simultaneous liquidation of absolutism and royal connoisseurship in England to give place to the gentlemanly arbiters of Georgian taste, the bourgeois triumph in Holland, the perfection of absolutism in France undermined before the Revolution by the financial bubble of the 1720's—having done all this in nine books and forty-eight chapters, he devotes a final forty pages to the acquisition and partial restitution of Napoleonic booty, and winds up (apart from appendices) with an epilogue in which the effects of his journey in time and space are apparent. For now his theme has become "much more than the relation of art to wealth; it is the relation of the precious object to the idea."

There are thousands of precious objects in the net Mr. Taylor has cast, and quite as many ideas. If one mentions omissions, it is not in disregard of the very ample feast that is offered, but simply in illustration of what seems to be defects in the method employed. Mr. Taylor finds himself, as he was bound to do, straying into the history of taste, but certain aspects of the historical psychology of collecting are neglected altogether. And since he tells us that "ideas of luxury generally seem to come from the Orient," one might also have looked for some recognition of Oriental enthusiasms and influences; but the Arabic period in Southern Europe is almost unmentioned, and the chance is missed for a comparison of Renaissance and Moghul collecting (Aleppo, however, is mentioned in a most intriguing reference

to "one of the great art collections of the Middle East . . . it belongs to the Marcopoli family, descendants of Marco Polo, who live luxuriously in a Baroque villa built above the Gothic vaulted *souks*, or bazaars, of the city.") The Hapsburg contribution, so strikingly illustrated in the exhibition of Vienna's art treasures that has visited Paris and London and is now in the United States, is rescued from comparative neglect, but Rudolf II scarcely gets his due. There could not be room for everything, and yet room is found for much that is not strictly relevant. The well-known description of the Sack of Rome from Cellini's autobiography is unnecessarily reprinted, but not the equally famous and more apposite accounts of Cellini's work for Francis I. One feels at times that Mr. Taylor has been bewitched, not so much by the endless invitation of the masterpieces themselves, as by the secondary sources that he has studied with such diligence and devotion, and which he faithfully lists—it is a huge list—at the end of his book. Horace Walpole is heavily drawn upon, as we should expect, and we are given among other things a hitherto unpublished list from his pen of "Collections now in England, 1757." But the list seems over-valued by the author, and Walpole himself is assessed as "the greatest art critic in the mother-tongue." From Burckhardt and Bonaffé, Vasari and Vertue, Mr. Taylor bores inwards, rather than outwards from the paintings and patrons that he brings before us. He has rescued from ephemeral or obscure publications some excellent things; for example, Cardinal Mazarin's leave-taking from his treasures a day or two before his death. Beside the familiar episodes, the patronage of Renaissance princes and popes, the dispersal of Charles I's peerless collection, the bankruptcy of Rembrandt, the exploits of Gavin Hamilton and Lord Elgin, and so forth, there are sidelights of the most beguiling kind: the negotiations on behalf of Charles I for the purchase of the hereditary collections of the Dukes of Mantua, "the greatest single coup in the history of collecting" (including the Mantegna "Triumphs"); the attempt of Sir Thomas Roe and Sir William Petty to loot the Golden Gate of Constantinople for Arundel and Buckingham; Vivant-Denon following Napoleon's campaigns to collect the enormous plunder (but losing the Egyptian trophies to Nelson and the British Museum).

It is a rich and crowded panorama that Mr. Taylor finally presents, rather than an argued narrative. It would have gained in clarity and effectiveness if he had opened it at the point where his interest as the Director of a great gallery (the Metropolitan Museum in New York) really seems to begin, with the first Renaissance collections—or even later with the Antwerp stock-market collapse of 1557, from which, he says, dates "modern collecting as we know it today." The chapters that conduct us from Rameses to the Medici, sparse in material for

his chosen theme, are marred by generalized and superficial judgments. As the custodian of a gallery to which the public repairs to see expensive pictures he has little sympathy with the early *Wunderkammer* type of collecting which had not yet drawn a line between scientific or pseudo-scientific (but quite genuine) interest and the appreciation of works of art. He warms to his immense task, one feels, as galleries get bigger and the idea of the public museum begins to emerge, an idea which will necessarily bulk largely in the further volume we are promised. Indeed he regards the present volume as having "prepared the ground."

Read thoughtfully (and it is worth it) *The Taste of Angels* might be found to prepare the ground for something more than an appraisal of "the Romantic movement and the revolt against it" from the standpoint of art-collecting. In our respect (not invariably affectionate respect) for "old masters" there is something more and something less than an appreciation of individual achievement. We gain much by attempting to follow the curiously living history of such things, in some if not all of its ramifications. It may help us to see (for instance) that revolutionary changes in the artist's social function have some connection with revolutionary changes in the appearance of the things he creates. It may lead us, looking through this endless series of mirrors, to put the artist back into the picture as surely as Velasquez has established himself in his necessary environment. "Las Meninas," it will still be argued, would be just as good a picture if it were as anonymous as a cave-painting. Yet even about Altamira we still exercise a legitimate curiosity. And our contemporary artists are not anonymous. It is another museum official (Mr. W. B. Honey) who has written: "Only by a care for modern art can a study of the past be justified."

The subsequent volume which we are promised will have to introduce us not only to the relatively recent development of art museums as public property but also to the Duveens and the Mellons and the merchant princes of a new age and to sale-room excitements rivalling those of the past. If Mr. Taylor can end by relating this convincingly, not only to modern economics but to our present cultural situation, he will have achieved something monumental. Many of the illustrations in the present volume (there are over a hundred of them) are drawn from American collections and form in themselves a sort of commentary on the contemporary phenomenon of transatlantic collecting. It is a pity that the colour-plates (the book is printed in the U.S.A.) are so poorly reproduced. There are some curious confusions of detail in the text also, but to labour these might be disproportionate in reviewing so massive an undertaking.

FRANCIS WATSON

ART AND DOUBT

The Dilemma of the Arts, by Wladimir Weidlé. Translated by Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C.R. (S.C.M. 10s).

I MUST confess that I approach books on the relation between religion and the arts with a certain lack of sympathy, but in spite of a good deal of axe-grinding, it is only fair to say that this book is a good deal more impressive than most of the works of its kind. The author is tolerant and sensitive, and his learning is immense. He has a first hand knowledge of six modern literatures and seems to have read virtually everything of importance. For his examples are not confined to the Dantes and Shakespeares. He writes with sympathy of those authors who tend to be authors for "the happy few," at any rate outside their own countries—Heinrich von Kleist, Hölderlin, Hopkins, Laforgue, Rilke, Yeats, Joyce, Eliot, and T. F. Powys. There is an excellent short appreciation of Sartre's first and only good novel, *La Nausée* (it "has a kind of greatness"), and some interesting observations on Proust, Gide and Mallarmé. It is a pity that Ezra Pound is dismissed as "superficial and not very significant." Professor Weidlé's view that "style" was lost at the time of the Romantic Movement makes him deny that either Laforgue's free verse or Rimbaud's prose poetry can be described as a style. It seems to me on the contrary that both forms are just as much a style as the alexandrine or the heroic couplet, though admittedly they are the product of a very different society. The deductions which he makes from modern painting and from the tendency of the poet to become more important than the poem he writes are no doubt correct, but he does not explain why these painters and poets still communicate an experience which seems vital to us. I cannot help feeling that the Professor overrates Claudel, and when he concludes that "a religious renewal of the world alone can save art," he leaves us, inevitably, in precisely the same place as many of his less distinguished predecessors. In places the book is too condensed, and there are perhaps too many examples, but it is an intelligent and stimulating essay which deserves to be read.

MARTIN TURNELL

"RELIGIO" MEDICI

The Pattern of the Future, by Alex Comfort (Routledge & Kegan Paul 6s).

THESE broadcast talks of Mr. Alex Comfort have the virtue of explaining simply and clearly a point of view which is usually so vague as to defy criticism. He is a child of this generation, preoccupied with science, sceptical of the past and anxious to be of social service. As a result he is sentimental rather than argumentative. He

feels that Christian beliefs are out of date, and he feels that our only hope lies in the application of science to social progress. It is a pity that he does not know the arguments for religion and Christianity, and that he is, so far as one can see, unaware of the many philosophic pitfalls in the use of words like evolution, humanity, social progress and happiness. If, for instance, the evidences for purpose in nature have been put there by man, as is suggested, then it follows that science is itself subjective, that Columbus found a world of his own impressions, and Mr. Comfort's science becomes a useless instrument for the Pattern of the Future. If, again, we ignore the uniqueness of man and explain his ethical beliefs on an evolutionary hypothesis, we are forced into an even worse state of subjectivism, where moral ideas have no foundation and no absolute validity. The analogy between bodily health and spiritual health is both dangerous and superficial; and those who have the same honourable but emotional desires as Mr. Comfort to rid the world of evil have need to ponder over the analyses of happiness made by the greatest philosophers. A scientist without philosophy is a bird without beak or wings.

Mr. Comfort does not begin well. There are two mistakes in the short preface. Mr. Michael Foster is not Reverend, and Mr. Gregory's initials are T. S., not T. C.

M. C. D'ARCY

THE CAUSAL ARGUMENT

The Essentials of Theism, by D. J. B. Hawkins (Sheed and Ward 7s 6d).

PROVING God's existence is not nowadays a popular pursuit of philosophers; and there are not a few theists who adopt such an apologetic and almost shamefaced attitude in regard to this subject that they scarcely venture to speak of "proof" at all. Dr. Hawkins is not one of these. On the contrary, he expounds the traditional Thomist position in uncompromising terms. What is more, he expounds it very clearly. He knows what he wants to say and he says it succinctly. Nor is he alarmed by Hume or Kant or by the modern positivists; he leaps into the fray and deals shrewd blows. He has a high conception of intellectual activity; and he really does believe in metaphysics. Not only does he not hesitate to call it a science; but he also makes it abundantly clear that, in his opinion, metaphysics have a much better title to the name of science than empirical science has. One feels like standing on the touch-line and cheering on Dr. Hawkins *contra mundum*.

The plan of the book is simple. After clarifying the nature of contingency and showing the inadequacy of materialism as an explanation of contingency and becoming, Dr. Hawkins develops the causal argument for the existence of a necessary being and then argues that

this necessary being must be a unique infinite being. Having thus established the existence of God, the author treats of creation, laws of nature, the moral law, human free will in its relation to the divine omniscience and omnipotence, and the problem of evil. He ends with a chapter on "theism and religion." The logical arrangement of the chapters and the clarity and succinctness of argument render this excellent little exposition and defence of Thomist natural theology admirably fitted to be used as a textbook for lectures and study-circles.

The author obviously lays himself open to hostile criticism from various quarters. He will doubtless be told, for example, that the terms "contingent" and "necessary" should be applied to propositions, and not to beings, while his downright refusal to admit the possibility of apparent infra-atomic indeterminacy being one of principle and not simply relative to our ignorance of the causal agency at work would be stigmatized as dogmatism by those who do not share his views on causality. I do not suppose that Dr. Hawkins would be in the least perturbed by such criticisms; but in a larger work it would, of course, be desirable to treat these and certain other topics more at length. Perhaps one may express the hope that the author will himself give us a full-length defence of metaphysics against neo-positivism. As a man who knows his own mind he would be well qualified for the task.

Dr. Hawkins, speaking of human freedom and its relation to God, outlines the Bannesian and Molinist positions and makes a suggestion of his own. For my own part, I think the chief value of such speculations is that they compensate for the apparent "rationalism" of the Thomist system by throwing into relief the limitations of the human mind and the mystery in which God and the divine activity are shrouded. No suggested solution of the problem at issue which I have ever seen succeeds in eliminating mystery; and, if it did, it would certainly, I think, be no more than a pseudo-solution. Dr. Hawkins would, of course, agree with this.

Finally, I should like to commend the author's valuable remarks on Kant's contention that the cosmological argument ultimately entangles one in the "ontological argument," a contention which is far too frequently accepted in a quite uncritical fashion. Admirable, too, is Dr. Hawkins' refusal to found his argument for God's existence on uncertain scientific hypotheses. Would that all Catholics who indulge in philosophy were of the same mind! Either God's existence can be proved with certainty by metaphysics or it cannot be proved with certainty at all. It is not always easy to discover which of the alternatives a given theist accepts; but the position of Dr. Hawkins at least is unambiguous.

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

A NEO-THOMIST

Existence and Analogy, by E. L. Mascall (Longmans 12s 6d).

THIS book, by the University Lecturer in the Philosophy of Religion at Oxford, consists of two nearly equal parts, the first dealing with the proofs of God's existence according to St. Thomas, the second expounding the scholastic doctrine of analogy in connection with Natural Theology. We propose in this review to confine ourselves entirely to the subject-matter of the first part, though, for our comments, we shall sometimes draw upon the chapters of the later section.

Dr. Mascall holds that the distinctive feature of Christian philosophy is its emphasis upon the fact of existence as the proper theme of human thought. The object of the intellect is being. When it treats of God, the first thing that this philosophy tells us is that He exists and that His existence explains all other existences, and itself requires no explanation. He is His own existence. The world, too, exists, and its existence is both the primary datum and the ultimate problem of our thought.

Greek, and especially Platonic, metaphysics were much less concerned with accounting for the existence of things; that is why the Greeks generally failed to attain to the idea of creation. Their thought did not reach back to the ultimate origin of things. They took for granted the existence of matter (and of souls), and ascribed to God merely the ordering and governance of the world. They propounded their problems rather in terms of essence and forms than of existence. This tradition was carried on in the writings of the Greek Fathers, and of St. Augustine and Dionysius the Areopagite, who laid the foundations of medieval theology. These writers, though they had, of course, the full doctrine of creation, and were fully aware that the existence of finite things, and of matter itself was the ultimate problem to be answered, still in their speculations show a strong predilection for the essences, forms and eternal ideas of Plato: in short they are essentialists. This type of thought reached its climax in the famous ontological argument of St. Anselm, which professes to demonstrate the existence of God by simple analysis of the idea of perfect being.

It was the refutation of this argument by St. Thomas that marked an epoch in the field of Christian metaphysics. From that day the natural theology of the West ceased to be essentialist, and became deliberately and consciously existentialist. The scholastics of the later centuries, indeed, proved themselves incapable of sustaining the Thomist existentialism in its full, majestic consistency. When exactly the decline began, we are not informed; probably, we conjecture, at a very early date. Anyhow, St. Thomas has to be re-discovered

and expounded anew in terms of the alleged essentialist and existentialist antithesis.

It is hardly necessary to warn the reader that the term "existentialism," as used in this work, has a very different meaning from that which it bears in the philosophy of M. Sartre. The inspirer of Dr. Mascall is M. Gilson; though I fancy he would be inclined to push his conclusions rather further than the latter. According to Dr. Mascall, a clear recognition of the principle of existentialism as the key to St. Thomas will necessitate a far more radical reinterpretation of the foundations of Thomistic metaphysics than has hitherto been attempted (p. xvii). In this process, which will be something like a vivisection of Thomistic philosophy, many things which have been traditionally associated with the Master's name will have to be discarded as "mere trappings of thirteenth century Aristotelianism." Note that the author has in mind not merely the obsolete teachings of medieval physics, but unspecified doctrines and opinions in the purely philosophical sphere, which have never thus far been discarded as obsolete. What will result from this experiment, what St. Thomas will look like when "disentangled" from the intellectual context of his own age, remains to be seen. No doubt, some sort of Neo-Thomism (like the Neo-Pythagorism and Neo-Platonism of past ages) will emerge—with the accent, we may suppose, very heavily on the "Neo." Dr. Mascall is quite prepared for trouble from the more traditional followers of St. Thomas.

It will be clear from what has been said that this work abounds in bold generalizations and wide surveys of thought and great historical horizons. There is always something exhilarating about such sweeping, panoramic views, even though the outlines may sometimes be rather vague and the details questionable. Dr. Mascall is a clear expositor and a persuasive and resourceful advocate. Even where we do not agree with his argument, we recognize with pleasure the courage and the intellectual sincerity of his work. Nowhere does he go beyond the ascertained opinions of his authorities (whether St. Thomas or M. Gilson) without carefully noting the fact. This is very important, because in his view any commentator has the right to apply a little gentle violence to his author from time to time, in order to make him say what he would gladly have said, if he had only thought of it. Thus, Dr. Mascall thinks, did St. Thomas deal with Aristotle at times, to make him talk like a Christian: thus does M. Gilson deal with St. Thomas, to bring into relief his latent existentialism: and thus, for his own purposes, does Dr. Mascall deal with M. Gilson, when occasion requires. If you object that, on these principles, a commentary ceases to be a work of faithful exegesis and becomes a semi-independent production, a sort of palimpsest on the original text, I think Dr.

Mascall would cheerfully concede the objection. Any live commentary, he would say, must be exposed to that danger: some of it will inevitably be written, not between the lines, but over the lines, of the original. He is convinced that the best kind of commentary should have the more profound truth of a portrait, and not merely the accuracy of a photograph, with respect to an author's mind; further, it should not be a mere static reproduction; it should be progressive, not a paraphrase, but a development. The true disciple should be able to contribute something to his master's thought. This he is bound to do if his annotations and comments have anything in them of his own mind and personality. The problem is, of course, to maintain that identity-in-difference with his original which such a method implies.

We must confess that as regards the author's main thesis, we remain unconvinced. St. Thomas's predecessors were not ignorant that, in God, essence and existence are one. Consequently, we see no ground for saying that, in this respect, St. Thomas's work effected a revolution in Christian thought. Nor does "essentialist" reasoning deserve the rude treatment which it meets with in these pages. Dr. Mascall has actually persuaded himself that Cartesianism is a fundamentally irreligious philosophy, and in fact worse than atheism! (p. 33)—all because Descartes is strongly "essentialist" and tries to frame an argument for God's existence on psychological rather than on physical grounds. There are other statements to which we find it hard to attach an acceptable meaning: thus (p. 48): "the essence [in creatures] arises from the existential act, and does not precede it." Surely, essence and existence, in any existent subject, are simultaneous. They may be really distinct, as Dr. Mascall supposes: but there can be no relation of antecedent and consequent between them. A still more difficult statement is to be found on p. 152: "The creative act, while it is the efficient cause of the existence of creatures, comes in the order of being, after the creature and not before." To this we reply that the creative act is identical with God, and therefore necessarily "comes before and not after" the creature. We feel that, in these and some other passages, the author has not succeeded in making his meaning clear. But on the whole, he is to be congratulated on having produced in English a work which should be of great service to all students of Catholic philosophy.

J. BOLLAND

STRANGE APPROACHES

An Approach to Christology, by Aubrey R. Vine (The Independent Press 21s).

THIS can, I fear, hardly be called a satisfactory book. For one thing, it is really two books. For another, it is never quite clear for whom Dr. Vine is writing. At one time he seems to have in mind those who are being introduced to metaphysical and theological ideas for the first time. Sentences like this occur all too frequently: "Ousia is that underlying something without which the object would not be, the ultimate ground of its existence, the thing as it is in itself, independently of being known." Whatever you make of it, such a sentence is clearly aimed at the philosophical novice. On the other hand, having introduced and explained the technical terms used by Nestorius, the author spares his readers very little of the complicated and highly idiosyncratic discussion of the *Bazaar of Heraclides*.

"It is really two books," because, after seeking to show in the first part that Nestorius was merely trying to present his contemporaries with a Christological metaphysic such as might appeal to their ways of thinking, Dr. Vine sets to, in the second half, to perform a like service for the twentieth century. This part is a remarkable feat. It reveals the width of his reading and the variety of his interests. What might have been a quite useful essay in interpretation is unfortunately rendered almost irretrievably obscure by the extraordinary jargon to which Dr. Vine finds it necessary to resort. I quote almost at random, "The atoms, by hylic integration (the third emergent potentiation of the protocumata), integrate into hylic systems or units (molecules and substances), which, if not further integrated, are autocentric systems or units possessing a degree of functional efficiency and potential functional value, which potential functional value becomes actual if the hylic units are further integrated into higher systems or units, in which case the hylic units become allocentric in a greater system and their value becomes actual in that system." That is by no means an extreme example of what the reader is in for.

Yet it would be churlish to refuse to recognize the depth of sincerity and the immense devotion which have gone to the making of this book. In the end it will probably be most useful to the professional theologian who wishes to have in handy form some rather more recondite information about the Nestorian heresy than is available in the ordinary manual, without his being required to consult the most erudite editions of the writings of the heresiarch. I suspect that it is the second part of the book in which Dr. Vine really had his heart, and it is with regret that I feel compelled to say that it will not do.

T. CORBISHLEY

GIBBON REVERSED

Christianity and History, by Herbert Butterfield (Bell 7s 6d).

THE peculiar interest of these lectures on *Christianity and History* lies in the fact that they were given by a modern "technical" historian. It is easy to understand a Gilson or a Collingwood having views about the nature of history and its relation to religion or philosophy, but Professor Butterfield happens to be a follower of that trend among historians which encourages specialization not merely in centuries or reigns, but in periods of two or three years—a kind of biennial scholarship. In his two main books he has limited himself to two years; in one he discusses *The Peace Tactics of Napoleon 1806–8*, in the other *George III, Lord North and the People 1779–80*. In this practice Professor Butterfield is one among many. Where he is not so typically modern is in writing books on general topics, like *The Origins of Modern Science 1300–1800* or *The Statecraft of Machiavelli*. Where he is almost unique among modern historians is in having a Christian philosophy of history.

The fact that this philosophy has changed a couple of times shows the liveliness of Professor Butterfield's mind rather than inconsistency; but it will perhaps be as well to explain what were his views in his two earlier books on the subject in order to put these B.B.C. lectures in the proper context. In 1932 he published a short essay on *The Whig Interpretation of History* and in 1944 a book on *The Englishman and his History*. Both works are interesting because, outside the pious and dull periods of inaugural lectures,¹ there is so little written on the nature of history by contemporary historians. Of the two books, however, the first is much the more stimulating. In it, Professor Butterfield tilts at those historians who have studied the past merely to explain the present or who have passed moral judgments upon personalities in the past. Both of these, according to him, have failed in the primary task of the historian, which is simply to come to understand other periods than his own for their own sake, though as an incidental benefit this act of comprehension does enable him to escape, at any rate partially, the "parochialism in time," to which everyone is subject. From this, it is obvious that the historian must grapple with the original documents in research, though he can hardly hope to pass on the rich detail of view which he gets from such study to the general reader. He may in some ways be compared to a miner working at the coal face, who has to allow others to bring the results of his work to the surface and (if we may continue the metaphor) much of what seemed valuable to him below ends on the slag heap, as can be seen in any university library.

¹ With the exception of Professor Postan's *The Historical Method in Social Science*.

The Whig Interpretation of History was a defence of the ideals of scholarship. Twelve years later Professor Butterfield was facing in the opposite direction. From the opening paragraphs of *The Englishman and his History* he showed that he had no sympathy for those who aimed at unbiased scholarship. "Those who, perhaps in the misguided austerity of youth, wish to drive out that whig interpretation (that particular thesis which controls our abridgment of English history) are sweeping a room which, humanly speaking, cannot long remain empty. They are opening the door for seven devils, which, precisely because they are newcomers, are bound to be worse than the first. We, on the other hand, will not dream of wishing it away, but will rejoice in an interpretation of the past which has grown up with us. . . ." In a sense, this new viewpoint was a retrogression to a nationalist view of history which denied the point as well as the possibility of arriving at an impartial narrative—"We teach and write the kind of history which is appropriate to our organization, congenial to the intellectual climate of our part of the world."

The book, it must be confessed, was a disappointment and the most valuable part of it lies not in the philosophical portion but in the purely historical chapters which describe how the seventeenth-century common lawyers distorted the past for their own purposes. The last few pages, however, show the author moving towards the ideas which are found in this new book.

In a sense, *Christianity and History* resolves the conflict between the two earlier viewpoints. Professor Butterfield now finds it possible to keep the ideal of "technical" history, which aims at impartiality, while at the same time believing in a philosophy of history. Every Christian historian is faced with the apparent dilemma of reconciling detailed technical scholarship with the belief that every event is full of meaning and plays its part in the story of salvation. By sticking to technicalities, is he neglecting his duty as a Christian historian which is to try to show what history is about? And is this neglect greater because in Professor Butterfield's words . . . "Christianity in any of its traditional and recognisable forms has rooted its most characteristic and daring assertions in that ordinary realm of history with which the technical student is concerned"? Professor Butterfield takes the view that the two things—technical history and the Christian interpretation of History (using the word with a capital to show that it includes everything within its scope)—work at different levels of experience but are not entirely unconnected, as he goes on to show. Technical history from its very nature, which is to build up a corpus of scholarship acceptable to all men, cannot provide an interpretation of life even for "the student who comes to history for his education, on the assumption that life will somehow explain itself, if you study a greater

length of it." Of its essence, academic history is a bloodless pedestrian thing, despite the protests of "the liberal and the Jesuit, the Marxist and the Fascist." (For the sake of the argument let us ignore Cardinal Erhle, S. J., and the Bollandists, those arid "technical" specialists.)

This point made, Professor Butterfield draws the obvious conclusion that there can be no conflict between Christianity and history—the one is concerned with the "why" of events, the other with the "how," the one with final causes, the other with efficient causes. But the main thesis of the author is something more than merely negative comfort: on the contrary his real business is to show "that the general course of history is so shaped that a Christian is in the right relation with it"; and he points out that "this of course means, that throughout the centuries, it has been possible for the simplest Christians to be right in this matter, while clever doctrinaires were being misled by academic simplifications, which have come and gone, each having its turn as the current fashion." He takes such Christian beliefs as the Fall and the moral order of the universe and shows how the course of history is a witness to the truth of them. If, for example, we take the Fall, even "those who do not believe in the doctrine of the Fall, can hardly deny, that human history has always been history under the terms and conditions of the Fall . . ." "Always it is history just gone wrong, and desperately in need of salvaging." Or, if we take the moral order of the universe, Professor Butterfield shows how aggression always brings retribution on its own head, though even here, if a country like Germany is under judgment, "so are all of us—the whole of the existing order and the very fabric of our civilization." As regards human nature in general, even the secular historian can hardly ignore "the selfishness and self-centredness of man," though—and here is a link with *The Whig Interpretation*—he cannot pass moral judgment upon particular human beings, save in the sense that he can say, "all men are sinners." "What history does is rather to uncover man's universal sin."

Such is the theme of the book—to show that the course of history is so shaped that the Christian is in the right relation to it—and it cannot be denied that the theme is ably developed and demonstrated. Yet still it is possible to offer certain points of criticism—not so much about the "History," as the "Christianity." In general, the whole mood of the book seems to be too pessimistic, too much influenced by the Old Testament: there is little sign of the "good news" of the Gospel. Words such as "cataclysm," "sin," "judgment" chase one another throughout. Perhaps history is depressing, if one continually sees the missed chances and lost opportunities, but Christianity is fundamentally optimistic and one would have welcomed more sense of this fact in the book. Again, the chapter on Providence is disappointing. Professor Butterfield develops his analogy of an orchestra very ingeniously, but

from there onwards his main point seems to be that "it pays" to consider oneself as being born into a providential order, otherwise "hybris," with all its dreadful consequences (see Chapter IV, "Cataclysm and Tragic Conflict"), will result. He then goes on to examine material progress as being "itself the work of Providence"—this would seem debatable as he himself admits. He is on even more debatable ground in the hard words which he reserves for the proofs of the existence of God; and in his denials of the possibility of condemning atheistic Communism as a creed, because democracy came into the world in the company of the atheism and unbelief of the French Revolution and we might make the same mistake about its modern counterpart. Finally, a Catholic may point out the uncertainty of the author in his use of the word "Church," with and without capitals, in singular and in plural. This is the place perhaps also to mention that, in parts, the book seems to be over-written. Often the style is forced and exaggerated, as in the passage: "All the same, when men used to talk of making the world safe for democracy, one suspected one heard half an echo of a satirical laugh a great distance away somewhere amongst the interplanetary spaces."

All this, however, does not prevent agreement with Professor Butterfield's thesis in general, and even in such details as his condemnation of politico-ecclesiastical history—a warning perhaps to some Catholic historians, not always Jesuits, who on occasion confuse the Church with certain of its members and make them to be in the right, even in the face of the evidence. Professor Butterfield insists that the important thing is "the inner spiritual life of the Church." But alas! this transcends the methods of the historian. As Fr. Philip Hughes wrote in Volume I of his *History of the Church*: "No Church History can ever really be complete, for the essential Church History is the history of the reign of God in millions of faithful human hearts throughout two thousand years—and this is known only to God."

HUGH KEARNEY

THE PROBLEM OF CONSCIENCE

Religious Liberty Today, by H. G. Wood (Cambridge University Press 3s 6d).

THERE is a fog besetting the problem of religious liberty, which unfortunately this book will not help to dissipate. The author sees obstacles looming up before him and apparently blocking his path: he condemns them and makes only such discriminations as the patchy fog enables him to make. What materials he has at his disposal he judges with sound common sense—it is a pity, however, that most of his quotations from Catholic writers are taken at second-hand: the original context often makes a world of difference.

What is the cause of the fog? It lies perhaps in the too facile talk of "the rights of conscience" so common today. It is odd indeed that no one raises the question of "anti-conscience"—to coin a word which we badly need in the discussion. If we have ever acted against our conscience then we have followed "anti-conscience," however much we may try to rationalize it and excuse ourselves. Now there is nothing to prevent the same thing being done by one man following his conscience, and by another man following his anti-conscience. At least their actions will appear the same externally (as in the case of an abortion). If the first man must not be interfered with because he is following his conscience, on what grounds can the second be interfered with? If the first can claim the rights of conscience, who can deny them to the other—though he is following his *anti-conscience*? So that conscience and anti-conscience seem to be in a position to claim the same rights! We shall have to admit the *right* of going against one's conscience. And that opens up wide vistas.

Is it not clear, then, that so far as public life is concerned, and the regulations and laws necessary for ordered society, the question of conscience and anti-conscience cannot enter in? If there is to be equality before the law, the law must be framed independently of conscience. No doubt its administration will involve the appraisement of the degree of responsibility in each case that the law is broken. But the law itself cannot canonize the "rights of conscience" without at the same time canonizing the rights of "anti-conscience." Conscience lies altogether outside the scope of the State: it is something spiritual, something extremely delicate to handle. Witness the difficulties over conscientious objectors: one forgets sometimes that not only will there be some who try to dodge service for unworthy motives (following anti-conscience), there will be others who, not having the courage to face the tribunal, will serve, likewise, against their conscience. Do what it will, the State cannot do "conscience" justice.

Hence the whole question of religious liberty—as a State concern—must be dealt with apart from conscience. It is not for the State—even the Catholic State (if any such exist)—to judge of the consciences of its subjects: *ceteris paribus*, the Protestant, the Hindu, the Catholic and the Jew should find within the framework of the law (so far as human contrivance can devise) the means of living out their own lives in their own way at peace with their fellows. It is not for the State to determine who is right and who is wrong: it can only determine that certain acts are incompatible with the well-being of the whole—a decision which should be based on no *a priori*, doctrinaire system, but on the people as they are, in the world as it is. Within that framework the Church can find the freedom necessary to carry on its own spiritual work.

MAURICE BÉVENOT

POLITICS AND LAWYERS

Medieval Papalism, The Political Theories of the Medieval Canonists,
by Walter Ullmann (Methuen 18s).

ONE rarely encounters such a remarkable combination of genuine erudition and learned misunderstanding as these pages exhibit. Only a lengthy review could do justice to these two aspects of the work; but the following comments must be brief.

The author undertakes a "survey of canonistic political thinking from the second half of the twelfth century down to the end of the fourteenth century," using a portion, recognized as "infinitesimal," of the vast material, with a view to illustrating "only the very fundamental and basic aspects" of canonistic political theory. The author has gone far beyond the available printed works; he has made extensive use of manuscript material. In consequence we have here a genuine contribution to our knowledge of a segment of ecclesiastical-political thought—what Arquilliére has called the theocratic system, and Burdach, more aptly, the hierocratic system. There has been a need for further exploration of this school of thought. Because it is erroneous the modern theologian shows no pity towards it; however, he does not always understand how lengthy and widespread was its popularity. Billot, for instance, considers its partisans to have been "men hardly worthy of attention; for they were either lawyers who had little skill in theology or theologians of sufficiently obscure name." This is too abrupt a dismissal of a theory that was the common doctrine of canonists from the middle of the thirteenth century (Ullmann would advance the date) until Bellarmine's day. A current of thought that flowed so long and spread so wide could not fail to influence the main stream of Catholic tradition with regard to Church-State relationships. It is the detection of this influence that now matters; hence the value of a more thorough knowledge of hierocratic theory. To this end Ullmann has done a service by his erudite exploration of sources.

However, on page after page of the work there are evidences of misunderstandings that profoundly disconcert the reader precisely because of their learned vesture. Not least disconcerting is the failure to situate in proper perspective the segment of canonistic thought that is studied. Ullmann rightly says that "the canonists left no heirs." He does not, however, even suggest the reason. The fact is that their theories represented a decadence from which no vital heritage could come. The essence of hierocratic theory was its abandonment of the traditional Gelasian dualism of the two powers, in which there were asserted both the natural independent origin of the temporal power and the purely spiritual character of the *sacra auctoritas pontificum*. The canonists thus lost touch with reality, and their theories, however

influential for a time, were necessarily condemned to sterility. They could not leave heirs. Their characteristic construction, a papal *Weltherrschaft* (to use Hauck's term) involving either a direct temporal dominion or at least a directly political tutelage of secular government, was artificial from the outset; for it was rooted in confusion. One is inclined to say of the canonists' venture into political theory what Bellarmine with ironic humour once said of their venture into the theology of penance: "It is no wonder they are wrong; for they are thrusting a sickle into a field that is not theirs." Ullmann, like the canonists themselves, seems not to be aware of how wrong they were. He seems also to exaggerate their influence on papal policy, which was determined more by the logic of a total historical situation than by canonistic theory.

Another disconcerting feature is a tendency to make ideas appear in history somewhat after the fashion of Melchisedech. So, for instance, it is Richard de Lacy who "put forward . . . the thesis that the powers of the pope and emperor were derived from God directly" (p. 144); one would suppose that the thesis of the natural origin of temporal power had not been there before de Lacy, or Huguccio. Again, it is Innocent III who declares "that priesthood was instituted by divine ordination" (p. 108, where in the context it is implied that this declaration rested on certain "speculations" on the nature of the spiritual and the temporal). It is unquestionably legitimate for a student to restrict his field; however, Ullmann not seldom falsifies the history of ideas by a process of omission. This appears in his treatment (in many respects valuable) of the papal "plenitude of power," which is the central subject of the book. He writes, for instance: "The juristic construction chosen for this vicariate [i.e. that fact that the Pope is Vicar of Christ] was that of Nicholas II, namely, that Christ had entrusted to St. Peter, the bearer of the keys, the laws of the earthly and celestial kingdom. 'Terreni et coelestis imperii jura commisit.' In this commission of Christ to St. Peter lay the papal plenitude of power" (p. 154). First of all, the famous phrase was Peter Damian's; Gratian inserted it in the *Decretum* under the name of Nicholas II. Moreover, as used by Peter Damian the phrase had no hierocratic sense; it was simply a paraphrase of Matthew xvi, 18, and the reference was solely to a spiritual power. The interpretation of the phrase to imply a temporal power was first advanced by Rufinus, who stood, somewhat hesitantly, at the origins of the new theory on the origins of temporal power. The point is that this new interpretation, developed by the canonists, was a misinterpretation; and it would be good to have the point mentioned. So too with the dominant phrase of the canonists, "plenitudo potestatis." Even in Innocent III, as Maccarrone has pointed out, the phrase has no hierocratic overtones; it designated

the fullness of papal spiritual jurisdiction and its opposite was the jurisdiction of the bishops who are "in partem sollicitudinis vocati." Again, it would be well to have this much history noted; otherwise the canonistic theory appears in distorted perspective, as something other than what it really was—a deviation from traditional thinking.

There are numerous pages in Ullmann's work on which there appear value judgments (frequently conveyed by adjectives), or misinterpretations of texts, or misunderstandings of contexts, that astonish the reader. The result is to create the impression that the author is writing from a point of view outside his historical period and its climate; in consequence the reader will distrust his interpretation. What, for instance, is one to make of the assertion that "it was a species of Christian pantheism which permeated the canonistic conception of the divine (natural) law" (the statement seems to rest on the assertion of Huguccio, clear enough to the initiate, that natural law was given us by "summa natura, id est, Deus," and on the further canonistic idea, again clear enough, that natural law is identical with certain "Christian principles" found in Scripture)? Again, there is the reiteration that "the *petitio principii* is perhaps the most striking feature of all medieval scholarship" (p. 77; cf. pp. 83, 149, 150); what Ullmann perhaps means is that the subordination of disciplines was the most striking feature in the structure of medieval thought. Furthermore, it is not at all clear that Ullmann appreciates the full range of the problem created for the medieval mind by its own dominant principle of the *reductio omnium ad unum*. The consequent axiom, echoed in *Unam Sanctam*, "Duo principia ponere haereticum est," was not necessarily an exclusion of a dualism of powers. Panormitanus, who is quoted in a note (p. 140) without further comment, renders the real sense: "Sic et ponere duos vicarios *equales* in terris est haereticum." Some manner of *reductio ad unum* was required, not to obliterate the dualism but to outlaw the co-ordination of the two powers. Ullmann fails to explain why the canonists fumbled the problem so badly, perhaps because he does not himself fully grasp the problem. In sum, much diligent research is here vitiated by what can only be called, with respectful harshness, a lack of intelligence in the handling of sources, both in themselves (a canonist, following Ullmann onto his own ground, would readily expose much faultiness of interpretation) and in their situation within a wider context of theological and political thought.

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY

THE EMPIRE OF THE OTTOS

The Making of Central and Eastern Europe, by Francis Dvornik (The Polish Research Centre 25s).

PROFESSOR DVORNIK has written a book which is unique in any language, a study of Central Europe from the beginning of the tenth century to the middle of the eleventh. The book is the more valuable because it is a continuation of the author's earlier pioneer work, *Les Slaves, Byzance et Rome au IX^e siècle* (Paris, 1926). I have called it a study rather than a history because it neither is nor claims to be a balanced narrative of the whole of Central European history from the collapse of Great Moravia to the first partition of Poland among the heirs of Boleslaw III. The emphasis throughout is rather on ideas than the development of secular institutions, on men rather than things; also the book devotes much more space to Poland and Bohemia than it does to Hungary, Slovenia and Rumania, and Russia, though the author has many things to say about it of great interest, is treated as incidental to the main theme. Professor Dvornik is primarily interested in one topic: the valiant but vain experiment, to which German Emperor and French Pope, Polish prince and Czech saint contributed, to make of Central Europe a single and equal partner in Christendom, neither divided within itself by tribal and ritual antagonisms, nor subordinated to Latin-Teutonic Europe by conquest and subjection, whether political or ecclesiastical.

The heroes of this great constructive task, which, had it succeeded might have transformed the history of Christian Europe down to our own day, Professor Dvornik sees in the Emperor Otto III and his collaborators, Pope Sylvester II, St. Adalbert of Prague and the Polish Duke, Boleslaw I the Brave. The programme was expressed in Otto's motto: *Renovatio imperii Romani*. It is a weakness of Professor Dvornik's exposition that he never faces the problem of which Roman Empire Otto wanted to restore. He will not allow that it was the Empire of his grandfather Otto I, nor that of Charlemagne or Constantine, and it could hardly be the pagan Empire of Hadrian or Augustus. Professor Dvornik seems to suggest that Otto desired a new rather than a restored Empire, and that its basis was to be the Gelasian principle of perfect collaboration of *sacerdotium* and *imperium*, each supreme in its own sphere; he has therefore to demonstrate (not, I think, conclusively) that both Otto and Sylvester recognized the Donation of Constantine to be a forgery, one which upset the strict division of powers by giving territorial sovereignty to the spiritual partner in the *condominium*. Otto's programme also involved the mission of incorporating Central and Eastern Europe within the universal Christian Empire, not by the sword as Charlemagne had done, but by collaboration with native princes like Boleslaw and King Stephen of Hungary and native mis-

sionaries like St. Adalbert (*slavice Vojtěch*) Bishop of Prague, Radim, Bishop of Gniezno, and Radla-Anastasius-Astrik (Professor Dvornik argues that these are three names for one and the same person), Bishop in Hungary. Nor did Otto III seek to subject the eastern neighbours of Germany, the Slavs of the Elbe and the Saale, the Pomeranians, the Poles, Czechs, and Magyars, by force of arms. He was ready to bring them into Christendom under their own princes, equal in rights and status with German, Italian, and Frenchman.

When Otto III died in 1002 whatever hope there had ever been of a universal Christian Empire disappeared. Of his immediate successors Henry II would not and Conrad II could not understand or continue his plans. It is true that Otto's friend and collaborator, Boleslaw I of Poland, succeeded for a moment in uniting Poles, Pomeranians, Silesians, Czechs, Moravians, Slovaks, and Ruthenians under his single sway, but the task was too big for the limited administrative capacity of eleventh-century government, and, at the first show of armed opposition by Henry II, Boleslaw had to leave Prague and give up Bohemia. Most historians will see in Boleslaw's achievement neither enlightened universalism nor precocious Panslavism, but merely the inherent expansiveness of primitive political societies.

In the course of this fascinating book Professor Dvornik deals with dozens of difficult historical problems, with all of them learnedly and boldly and with some of them conclusively. His five appendices are of the greatest interest to students of Slavonic ethnography. It is interesting and important in the light of much acrimonious recent controversy that he remains unshaken in his conviction that the "Rus" of early Russian history were in fact Scandinavians and not Iranians, Sarmatians, Alans or Roxolani, as some would have it.

R. R. BETTS

ERASMUS, TYNDALE AND MORE

Erasmus, Tyndale and More, by W. E. Campbell (Eyre & Spottiswoode 15s).

THIS interesting book was inspired by Frederic Seebohm's *The Oxford Reformers, Colet, Erasmus and More*, a writing of their "joint-history." Seebohm ended with the death of Colet in 1519, but Campbell has traced the influence of these men on each other to More's death in 1535, Erasmus's and Tyndale's in 1536.

Biographical accounts are given first of one, then of another. These are adequate and depend upon study of primary sources as well as on the scholarship of the last century, but the book is centred on their writings, their interest in each other's work and particularly on the controversy between More and Tyndale. The material is clearly arranged and developed, and for further clarity a chart is given of the writings of the three, in parallel columns, with dates.

It is natural that Mr. Campbell should concentrate on More and Tyndale. In 1896 he heard a sermon preached by Abbot Gasquet (later Cardinal) at Downside Abbey, which pointed out "that no better service could be rendered to religion and sound learning than by editing for publication available evidence for the study of the Reformation period in England." From then till now, Mr. Campbell has studied the writings of More. In volume II of the modern edition of *The English Works of Sir Thomas More* he edited More's *Dialogue concerning Tyndale*, and wrote an *Essay on the Spirit and Doctrine of the Dialogue*, and this is largely reproduced in the present book. Two more volumes of *The English Works* are already announced for 1950, and when these were delayed by the war, this study was begun. Presumably, therefore, it somewhat anticipates their contribution.

Mr. Campbell quotes E. Irving Carlyle's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that the contest between Tyndale and More is "the classic controversy of the Reformation. No other discussion was carried on between men of such pre-eminent ability and with such clear apprehension of the points at issue. To More's assertion of the paramount authority of the Church, Tyndale replied by appealing to the Scripture, with an ultimate resort to individual judgment." Carlyle adds, "From such divergent premises no agreement was possible."

Mr. Campbell's discussion of the controversy is supported by pages of well-chosen selections from More's writings. He states that More had had the advice of "certain friends who were expert theologians. We may say, therefore, that what is published in the *Dialogue* is authoritatively representative of the Catholic doctrine held at the time upon all matters arising in dispute between men of the old faith and those of the new. In doctrine More speaks as the mouthpiece of the Church; but the sentiments and comments that accompany his doctrinal statements are, of course, his own. His own, too, is the expression, undoubtedly severe, of his hatred and loathing of the heretical opinions he brings under review."

There are several passages in this Chapter 8 in which Mr. Campbell quite misunderstands the teachings of Protestants, but he nevertheless gives excellent and revealing quotations from Tyndale's writings in the controversy. He quotes, too (pp. 268-9), Thomas Poyntz's moving account of Tyndale's ministry to English refugees in Antwerp, on Mondays, his relief of the poor on Saturdays, "his two days of pastime, as he called them. . . . The rest of the days of the week he gave wholly to his book, wherein he most diligently travailed."

To this reviewer, interest might well have been centred more on the study of the New Testament, with which all three scholars were concerned. Mr. Campbell shows how Erasmus found the Annotations of Laurentius Valla on the New Testament in the Library of the White

Carmelites at Parc, near Louvain, in 1502, published the book and then perfected his knowledge of Greek, so as to be able to collate manuscripts and establish a critical text of the Greek New Testament.

His edition was published at Basel in 1516, and corrections were made in four of the later editions published in his lifetime. This was his contribution to the great need of the Church at the moment—"a newer and simpler apologetic based on the New Testament."

From this Greek text Tyndale translated, with assistance of the Vulgate, of the new Latin translation which Erasmus had prepared, and without any undue dependence on modern versions, such as Luther's. Tyndale's scholarship was acknowledged by all competent judges, including More. Besides, Tyndale had the "translator's gift" in the choice of words and phrases in the vernacular. His renderings largely survived in the Authorized Version, and so for four hundred years he has "exercised a supreme influence upon English prose."

More's share was defence of Erasmus and criticism of Tyndale. For nearly twenty years of a busy professional life, he made time for such scholarly work. His knowledge of the Bible shows in all his writings and in his personal letters. There are apt quotations constantly, and echoes of Biblical phrasing in his own style. His study of Greek made possible full appreciation of Erasmus's edition of the New Testament. He defended it, in advance of publication in the long letter to Dorp of October 21 (1515) and afterwards to Lee in 1519-1520, and to a Monk.

Criticism of Tyndale followed, and in *The Dialogue Concerning Heresies*, More pointed out certain key-words in the New Testament, to which Tyndale had given new translation. He had changed *priests* to *seniors*, *church* to *congregation*, *charity* to *love*, *grace* to *favour*, *penance* to *repentance*, *confession* to *knowledge*, *contrite* to *troubled*. More did not show that Tyndale, translating directly from the Greek, would of course have variations from the translation of the Latin Vulgate. The change to *repent*, for instance, depended on the Greek $\mu\epsilon\tau\alpha\omega\epsilon\tau\epsilon$ and followed Erasmus' change from St. Jerome's *penitentiam agile* to *resipiscite* or *ad mentem redite*. Much of this is not now controversial —Monsignor Knox uses *repent* and *repentance* in these passages, and he is of course translating from the Vulgate.

Tyndale was an advanced Reformer, his position similar to that of the later Puritans, and he was sharp in his criticism of the Church of his day. More, though supporting practical reforms where needed, was fearful that the Catholic Church in England might suffer such losses to Protestantism as were reported from the Continent. No agreement between them was possible. The sincerity of each was attested by his willingness to die for his faith.

ELIZABETH FRANCES ROGERS

TUDOR PARLIAMENT

The Elizabethan House of Commons, by J. E. Neale (Cape 18s).

It has been well said that the Elizabethan Age was one of individuals rather than of institutions. The country was not yet governed by a set of fixed ideas, still less by political parties. Under the powerful leadership of the Crown men sought for place and influence very largely on their own behalf and arranged themselves into temporary groups to carry forward common interests. Who these men were that emerged from the confused social pattern of England to take part in governing its politics, how they were chosen and why, and what the field of their influence was, forms the theme of Professor Neale's book.

It is a book difficult to criticize objectively because in itself it constitutes something like a primary means of criticism. No one has gone over these grounds so thoroughly as Professor Neale; few scholars have ever been better served by the labours of the students they themselves have fitted for historical tasks; with the result that he himself has helped to make the yardstick by which this work must be measured.

A sustained narrative, such as the one so brilliantly provided by the same author in *Queen Elizabeth* or the one likely to follow in his forthcoming *Parliamentary History of the Reign* was, of course, impossible. It is his detail, selective, significant but necessarily disconnected, which furnishes both the matter and the virtue of this study. His searchlight ranges from constituency to constituency, lighting up first the counties by choice examples, then the boroughs, until out of diversity a sense of unity begins to emerge. We understand the dominant role of the great territorial magnates in the selection of candidates, of the kin and the dependants who served them, of the way in which they intruded their will into the boroughs until they created a House of Commons roughly after their own desires. It was a different House of Commons from that of the Middle Ages and of the period of the early Tudors. It no longer represented local interest so closely, with the election of members to represent constituencies to which they were not bound by residential or other property interests. One of the complaints of the Pilgrims of Grace towards the end of Henry VIII's reign had been the practice of choosing men for Parliament who did not reside in their constituencies. That complaint was becoming antiquated. The great lords could bear the charges, thus considerably reducing one of the major objections of local men to serve or of their fellow citizens to support them at Westminster. The lord offered to pay these, thus at one and the same time relieving the towns especially of a burden and substituting for the reluctant

burghers men with other motives for going up to London to participate in the life of the capital. The character of the Long Parliament is already visible.

The difficulties of continuous exposition have not in the least diminished the vivacity of Professor Neale's pen when the occasion for drama presents itself. In one chapter after another an exciting episode leaps from the page, such as that of the Montgomery election of 1588. There is drama on the larger scale in his luminous and well-balanced picture of the strife and stress between the Essex and Cecil factions leading to the downfall of Elizabeth's reckless popular favourite. There is the author's own recognizable humour as well in such passages as the one in which he makes clear the economic reason for the boroughs thrifitly yielding to the magnates:

"Take the Suffolk Borough of Dunnitch. Here is its budget for the year 1598-99: receipts £41 12s. 10d., with £5 still owing; payment £41 10s. 3d.; result, as Mr. Micawber would have said, happiness. But what if there had been a bill for £20 for member's wages in the Parliament of 1597-98? The borough just had to have free service and free service it got."

The final picture turns out to be more comprehensive than the one which Professor Neale ostensibly sets out to paint. The great generalizations emerge: the "closely integrated class"—integrated by blood, marriage and interest—the landowners and the lawyers rising almost to monopoly while descending to corruption in the course of the reign, as the possibilities of "packing" worked their way into the light and suggested the coherence of a party to carry out the policy of the court. The contrast also becomes clear between the Parliaments, which despite their peculiar mode of selection could at one and the same time represent the deepest social and moral instincts of the populace in general while remaining in loyal collaboration with the sovereign, and the Parliaments of the Stuarts which had attained to such self-consciousness that representation and collaboration could not but become a contradiction in terms. One may wonder whether Professor Neale's own facts quite support his conclusion that the growth of Protestantism necessarily coincided with the growth of the power of the landed gentry. One may not have so favourable an impression of the cultural and oratorical level of even the late Elizabethan Parliaments. But impressions are individual matters and in the last resort not capable of final proof. To insist that Justice Shallow—or Squire Western—was not typical is indubitably an emphasis on the right side.

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